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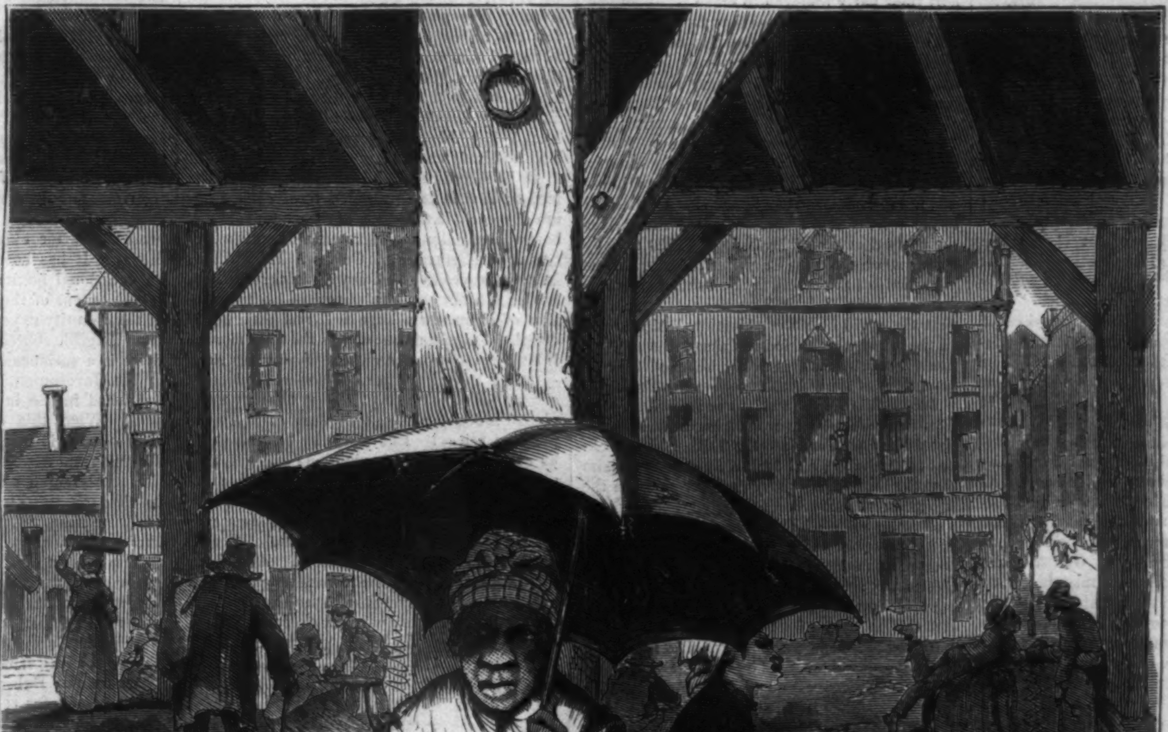
PEA-NUTS.

OUR illustration on this page represents a scene which is perfectly familiar to those who have visited our Southern cities; and we dare say some of our readers who have sauntered along the Savannah docks may recognize the features of the good-natured and almost superannuated aunty whose bent figure, sheltered by the tattered umbrella, and surrounded by heaping baskets of roasted pea-nuts, forms the principal object in our picture. It was drawn from life, greatly to the delight of the old woman, who had never before been honored by the attentions of an artist.

The pea-nut, though almost universally liked, is considered very "ungenteel." Its cheapness, and the ease with which the soft shell is broken, make it a favorite with boys; and it is rare indeed to empty a little fellow's pocket and not find among its wonderfully miscellaneous contents two or three pea-nuts or the débris of their crumbling shells. Outside of boydom the popularity of the pea-nut is chiefly confined to people who frequent such places of amusement as the Bowery Theatre, the atmosphere of which is always redolent of the pea-nut stand and the beer gardens. Such people, indeed, munch them every where—as they walk the street, on the cars, in the stages, and aboard the ferry-boats, scattering the shells abroad with the utmost indifference, and littering the dress of every person in their neighborhood. Pea-nuts impart a pungent odor to the breath, which makes the eater almost as great a nuisance in a crowd as one who indulges in the luxury of Limburger cheese.

In this city there are hundreds of stands where pea-nuts are sold, and the trade in them must be very large, if not particularly remunerative. There must be several hundred old men and old women in New York alone who make their living at these stands—their entire sales consisting, on any day, of a few shillings worth of pea-nuts, with perhaps a dozen or two apples, whose surface shines with a polish too suggestive of the process by which it is obtained for delicate stomachs. Occasionally you may see a gentleman purchasing at these stands; but generally it is done with a furtive glance to see that nobody is near whose observation might be unpleasant. If one likes pea-nuts, and is thus sensitive, it is convenient to have the protection of a little son or nephew, who may not, however, in all cases reap the benefit of the purchase.

The pea-nut is not recognized in polite society. It is never found at dessert. Yet a few years ago an American in Munich placed on the dinner-table of the Hôtel de Bavière a dish of these with other nuts peculiar to this continent, for the benefit of his German friends, and the unanimous verdict of the foreign members of the party was, that the pea-nut was most excellent eating. Thus pea-nuts, like prophets, are not without honor save in their own country; and it is not likely they will ever rise above their present position here.



PEA-NUT SELLERS IN SAVANNAH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY LLOYD MIFFLIN, JUN.]

AN INDIAN ATTACK.

THOUGH not designed to illustrate an actual event, our picture on page 457 this week is something more than a mere fancy sketch. Scenes like the one so graphically imagined and portrayed by our artist are unhappily of too frequent occurrence on our far Western frontier, where the whites and the red men seem fated to wage a warfare that can cease only with the extermination of the aboriginal inhabitants.

The scene of our artist's sketch is the interior of a strongly built cabin, just at daybreak. The young mother has snatched the sleeping babe from the rude cradle in the corner, and is trying to quiet the cries of the boy who clings about her waist. Two young girls, awaked from sleep by the yells of the savage assailants, crouch together in terror on their bed. One of the brave defenders has already received a wound in the arm, perhaps from the arrow that lies on the floor in front of him, and the self-possessed matron of the cabin is binding it up, so that he can go on with the fight. The house will be bravely defended; and let us hope the murderous band may be driven off, with a lesson that shall make them keep clear of that cabin for many a long day.

Late advices from the frontier, where the settlers are in constant danger of attack, show that the Indians are very much disturbed and discontented, and that very little provocation is required to bring on a general war. SPOTTED TAIL has returned home from his Eastern journey to find his favorite wife dead. In his ignorance he attributes this bereavement to the machinations and malignity of the whites, and in her grave buries all his presents and all his new-born friendship for his civilized brethren. His present mood is said to be extremely warlike. The situation is certainly precarious, and unless wise measures of precaution are taken at once our far Western frontiers may witness many terrible scenes of bloodshed and devastation.

CORAL REEFS.

MR. DARWIN, some years ago, prepared a map in which were put down all the reefs of coral which surround the numerous islands in the Pacific. In one almost straight line of ten thousand miles, from Pitcairn Island to China, those reefs stud the vast ocean. The reefs are classified, for convenience, into three groups: 1. The *atoll* reef is a circular or curved ridge of coral, visible at low-water, but nearly covered at high-water, and having a tranquil lake in the centre. The diameter varies from one mile to sixty miles, in different examples; and the shape is usually an irregular oval. There is generally a profound depth of ocean at a very short distance from the atoll. In one case, the depth is a thousand feet at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile; but, far more noteworthy than this, there is one atoll at two hundred feet from which no soundings could be found with twelve hundred feet of line; and another where seven thousand feet found no bottom at a mile and a quarter distance! The interior lake or lagoon is never profoundly deep. We may therefore picture to ourselves an atoll as the top of a steep conical submarine mountain, with a kind of crater at the summit. 2. The *barrier* reef differs from an atoll in having one or more islands within it; it forms, in fact, a barrier around an island or islands, at some considerable distance, and separated by a moat of very deep water. Some of them run along parallel to the shore; in some the islands have joined to form a continuous strip of dry land; while in many instances the island forms a very lofty mountain. 3. The *shore* reef resembles a barrier reef in having land within or near it; but the dry land is very near, and the intervening water very shallow; while in most instances there are no islands or islets, the whole reef being submerged at high-water. In all the three kinds—atoll, barrier, and shore—the reef has been formed by countless myriads of coral insects, working at the construction of their hollow dwellings. Mr. Darwin, by tracing a local connection between volcanoes and reefs, arrived at a conclusion that, wherever an atoll or a barrier reef has been formed, the bed of the ocean has subsided; while at the spots where shore reefs occur, the bed of the sea is either uprising or stationary. Islands and mountains in the Pacific have been submerged by the subsidence of the ocean bed; and when the subsidence had taken place to a certain extent, coral insects set to work at their busy labors; for, whether in the Pacific or the Mediterranean, the insect always works *in* the water, but at no great depth below the surface. All three kinds are satisfactorily accounted for on this view, as being in three stages of development. The shore reefs are formed first, as a fringe of coral around the coast of an island; by further subsidence, each becomes in time a barrier reef; and each of the latter develops into an atoll reef, by the insects constantly building at the top of it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 16, 1870.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE GNATS.

The newspapers that used to call Mr. Lincoln a third-rate country lawyer, and "blush" at the contrast in political ability between him and Jefferson Davis, are very busy in attempting to cast odium and ridicule upon President Grant. Their conduct is inspired by the same spirit which led them to denounce him in the field as a butcher. But his real crimes in the eyes of his severest critics are his steady fidelity to the Union, and his unconditional victory over the rebellion. The rebellion sprang from the principles of the Democratic party. It was led by the Democratic chiefs. It was sustained by Democratic sympathy. Every great measure of the war was denounced by the Democratic conventions; and in the midst of the struggle the Democratic party virtually declared for submission to the rebellion. The *World* now frankly admits that the "War Democracy" was a "small body." And to the organs of a party which counted upon the success of the rebellion a man who silently and powerfully opposed it, and finally, by his skillful military combinations, compelled its military chiefs to surrender, can only be a target of constant calumny. Consequently no public man was ever more rancorously slandered by them than President Grant. No opportunity of falsehood and misrepresentation is lost; and if the representations of the Democratic press were to be taken as true, the most accomplished of statesmen, and the most able of Christian heroes, and the noblest of lost causes were all confounded and baffled by a shallow charlatan.

There is no invention so puerile, no insinuation so contemptible, that it does not serve the purpose of political or personal hatred of one of the simplest and most honest of Americans. The worst motives are attributed to the plainest actions, and every word and deed are laboriously and elaborately misinterpreted. The people of this country knew that General Grant was not a politician when they elected him President. They did not expect from him the smooth evasions of a politician. They asked of him an honest adherence to the principles upon which he was elected and to the party that sustained him. In a country necessarily controlled by parties it is undoubtedly a misfortune for a President to be unfamiliar with political persons and methods. But, on the other hand, every man feels that public affairs are safer with a man of honest purpose and general ability, even without political experience, than with a mere politician.

The perils of trusting exclusively to a politician were shown in the case of Mr. Chase. Down to the autumn elections of 1867, it was thought by many that Mr. Chase ought to be the Republican candidate. Undoubtedly he thought so himself. He had been a conspicuous Republican leader. His course had been consistent. He had been in the van of the party. Every body knew that he wanted to be President, but every body conceded his ability and experience. "He understands politics," was the general remark. There were those, however, who felt that circumstances designated General Grant as the proper candidate, and he was selected by acclamation. He was nominated in May. In July, Mr. Horatio Seymour received from a Democratic convention, of which Mr. Wade Hampton was the master-spirit, a nomination which he had meant to offer to Mr. Chase; and while Mr. Seymour was accepting it, he had in his pocket the speech which he had intended to make upon the nomination of Mr. Chase. That Mr. Chase was willing to receive such a nomination is the result of what is called "politics." Those who think that it is essential to good government are impatient of President Grant. Those who were ready to hail Mr. Chase as a great statesman contemptuously deny to General Grant any statesmanlike quality.

But because a man is not, in the technical sense, "a statesman," it does not follow that he is destitute of common-sense, as seems to be assumed by the clumsy opponents of the President. General Jackson was very far from being a statesman. Mr. Lincoln's claims to statesmanship were derided. Probably Mr. Madison and Mr. Van Buren would satisfy the technical requirements. But the good sense of General Jackson and of Mr. Lincoln could be trusted to save them from any obvious and absurd improprieties, and so may General Grant's.

In these days of unscrupulous assertion in the press, a charge involving the honor and discretion of the President should be judged by the character of the paper that advances it. If it has shown that its desire for truth is evidently greater than its partisan or private hostility—if it is a journal of acknowledged impartiality and honor and justice, its statements prejudicial to the President will be received with concern lest they may have some grounds of truth. But if otherwise, its stories about the President will be as important as the assertion of a party committee that its party is the bulwark of the Constitution.

TAMMANY FIRE-WORKS.

The Democratic members of Congress exhort their party brethren to make ready for the autumn elections, and urge that there should be "no time lost in the discussion of dead issues; no manifestation of narrow or proscriptive feeling;" and the Tammany managers, in announcing their holiday performance for the Fourth of July, called themselves the party of equal rights. Tammany Hall is dedicated to humorous and light entertainments, but that is unquestionably a better joke than it is accustomed to hear. The humor, however, would have been enhanced if the worthy acrobats had called themselves the party that saved the Union. That nobody knows much about the Constitution except those who justified the rebellion upon sound constitutional principles is a Tammany axiom; and that there will be no constitutional régime until the party which tried to destroy the government administers it, is firmly believed by conservatives of the Fernando Wood school.

Meanwhile let the student of American politics, the man who is wondering how his vote should be cast, look into the Tammany speeches of the Fourth, and find, if he can, any claim that the Democratic party had any share in the two greatest achievements in our history. He will find plenty of rhetoric about radicalism, and oppression, and extravagance, and centralization, and consolidation, and the glory of the Democracy; but not one of the orators will have asserted that the Union was preserved, and the equality of all American citizens secured, by the Democratic party. By their fruits ye shall know them. The organs of that party call it conservative and constitutional, as they did in the winter of 1860-61. And there is no doubt that it is just as conservative as when its chiefs in the last Cabinet it controlled were plotting rebellion because they were defeated at the polls; just as constitutional as when its last President declared that the government could not make war upon a State.

But these probably are the "dead issues" which the Democratic members of Congress warn their friends not to discuss. Other dead issues are slavery, which these fine friends of man struggled to retain; the Fifteenth Amendment, which they opposed because it gave those whom they could no longer enslave the security of their freedom; and the laws imposing certain disabilities upon certain classes of the late insurgents. But the Congressional caucus does not urge acquiescence in the result. It speaks of dead issues, but it also suggests doubts of the validity of the Fourteenth Amendment or the test act. It advises conformity for the nonce, because otherwise there is no hope that members disqualified by the laws will be admitted to seats. Like every party out of power, it would yield every thing but its resolution to return, and, when once sure of its position, its equal resolution to unsettle every thing just as fast and as far as it can.

In the tone of the Tammany discourses the tone of the party may be heard. Is it manly, generous, American? Is it inspired by what is best and most intelligent in the country, or by its ignorance and passion? Is it from Tammany Hall, controlled by Messrs. Tweed and Sweeny, who drag at their triumphal chariot wheels their fiercest opponents, now loudly cheering their masters, that the American people wish to receive the policy of their government?

THE CITY AS A SUMMER RESORT.

The great question, where to pass the hot months, is one that is yearly asked by more and more persons. And the heat into which honest people cast themselves in the struggle to be cool, and the horrible inconvenience to which they expose themselves as a method of being comfortable, are very amusing and very instructive. Doubtless a change of climate and scene is useful to every body—especially is it desirable for the children. To go from the air of the shore to that of the mountains, from inland to the sea, are serviceable journeys. To drink mineral water at the springs, to bathe in the surf—these also are sanitary influences; and to lie upon a cool green hill-side and watch the clouds sailing over, to loiter along a cliff over the sea, to rock in a boat or fish from a rock—these too are moral as well as physical restoratives. But the conditions of these enjoyments are often most absurd and unfavorable. To pay, for instance, an enormous sum for the occupation of a wretched little cell in a hot attic, in order that you may skip stones from a beach, is a very questionable restorative of any thing but the landlord's money-box.

Meanwhile the resources of the city are not despicable. If a man can avoid the streets in which the smells are unimaginable, and if only a shower falls every two or three days to cool the vast heated mass of stone and brick, he may smile at many a neighbor who goes off to the sea-side to be uncomfortable. There are boats constantly plying about the rivers or down the bay, and he can have his breath of ocean air, or his glimpse of Arcadia, at his pleasure. In his thick-walled house in the shaded street the mercury does not touch a point so high in the hottest days as in most of the country villas around the city. If he thinks of running away for coolness to Katahdin, or Moosehead Lake, or the White Mountains, he reads, in his evening paper, as he sits delightfully reclined in the draught through his high, comfortable rooms, that the mercury marked 84° in the Havana, 87° at Savannah, 90° at Washington, 95° at Long Branch, 100° at Springfield, and 103° in Maine, and he thinks, with the newspaper, how intolerably hot it must be at the north pole. The White Mountains and Memphremagog have suddenly ceased to fascinate him.

Or he steps into a car in the cool of the evening, or, if that be considered too daring a figure of speech, in the shade of the evening, and is borne quietly along to Theodore Thomas's concert at the Central Park Garden. He will not, indeed, expect to pluck flowers in that garden, but he will not be disappointed in his expectation of sitting in a huge hall and listening to delightful music, as he smokes the light cigar—if he have not conquered that deleterious habit—or sips Bavarian lager. Then what pleasant summer dinners he may find—at not very many places indeed—pleasant dinners at most unpleasant prices! But would he help his purse by dining at a sea-side pavilion? A great essayist says that even the unmentionable hot place has its extreme satisfactions. The citizen condemned to town for the summer may lay that sweet consolation to heart. There is always a shady side to the street. And if any day he be very warm he may revenge himself by reading in his morning paper that at Newport it is the hottest weather ever known, and that at Saratoga the heat is overpowering.

TRADE—ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

The last two weeks of the month of June, and the first two of the month of July, are the worst for trade of any of the year. It is the period during which the summer accounts of stock are taken, and arrangements are made for the fall trade. Although the general trade of the country is affected by great improvements in transportation and by the telegraph, the fall trade continues to be vastly larger than the spring, and August and September remain the banner months. More dry-goods are sold in those two months than in any other two of the year. The principal cause of this superiority of the fall over the spring trade, in dry-goods, arises from the fact, that those purchased for fall and winter consumption are more staple in their character, both as regards quality and color, and more suitable to the wants of the mass of customers. It has doubtless been generally noticed that the gossamer-like tissues, which are known as organdies and lawns, have been in less demand than usual this spring, and that their place has been supplied by more durable fabrics. As a blaze destroys them instantly, and the colors soon disappear in washing, their importation will be discouraged, both on the score of safety and economy.

The trade of the country, since September, 1869, has been affected seriously by the decline in the price of cotton, and, until recently, in that of grain. This has not been wholly without compensation, as the stocks of goods of nearly all descriptions are light. The losses during the spring trade have been felt more by importers and jobbers than by distributors throughout the interior, and the latter are consequently regarded as in better than usual credit, excepting that collections from the great grain-growing interest have been the subject of complaint and of some uneasiness. Whether the trade soon to arise shall be active, or otherwise, will depend in great part on the future of the cotton and grain markets.

The Agricultural Department at Washington, in view of the present yield of cotton, and the additional land subjected to this culture, supposes that cotton, in the course of the present calendar year, will reach the price of fifteen cents per pound. The editor of *Brown's Cotton Glance*, writing for the Manchester *Guardian*, and regarded as valuable authority in England, thinks that during the next cotton year, commencing on the 1st of September, England will be supplied at *ante-bellum* rates. These estimates have been followed by a reduction of the price both here and abroad; and, as a consequence, the manufacturer on this side sells his cloth largely under guarantee; that is to say, on the agreement, if the price made by the latter shall be reduced before the purchaser disposes of his goods, to make a corresponding abatement. This feature of the dry-goods trade communicates some uncertainty to business. But it is probable that the goods disposed of in August and September will be manufactured on the basis of about eighteen cents per pound for middlings, and that care will be exercised in not flooding the market with too many goods. In this way the effects of the anticipated decline may be avoided until the supposed facts on which it is based may be better understood. The estimate of the American crop for this year has been advanced on the other side to three and a fifth millions of bales, which quantity, it is supposed there, will be exceeded by the growing crop. It will be seen how much of conjecture there is in the expected fall in price. As the South has been prudent in its finances, and has had the benefit of two remunerative crops, it may be in a condition to decide for itself what shall be paid for its staple. The contingencies which may affect the question of price are too numerous to allow of certainty. The competition of India has not been conducted with the favorable results expected; and the South will have itself to blame if, by extending the quantity unduly, it shall enable the foreigner to array its producers into the shape of active competitors with each other. A diffusion of industry, so as to embrace a larger production of food, remains as a corrective. Great distress has at times been occasioned in India by answering the demand of Manchester for extending the cultivation of cotton. It has been done at the expense of an occasional famine. All of our knowledge of the extent of the production in India, and of the quantity exported to Europe, is derived from English sources, and it is conceded that there is a variance between the returns made by the Government Board of Trade and those published in the interest of dealers in Liverpool. What this country wants, and must soon obtain, is information of the India crop derived from a well-regulated consular establishment created on the plan of the English, so that, on its diffusion over the country, a judgment may be formed of the effect of the India crop on the whole production.

The subject of the foreign demand for our grain continues to possess great interest, but we remain at the mercy of the foreigner from our want of knowledge of the extent of the drought in Europe and the means of supplying the want which it will occasion. All the grain ports on the Baltic and the Black Sea have been opened for some weeks, and a great effort is being made to obtain such supplies there as may affect the price here. The railroad communication from the interior of Russia with Odessa and with Theodosia or Caffa, ports on the Black Sea, has been extended, and some hopes are entertained of a considerable excess over the ordinary supply from that quarter. The region intended to be penetrated is suitable to wheat, and embraces a wide extent of country whose connection with water communication has not been good; but agriculture in Russia is conducted unskillfully, by people who are slow to recognize changes, and it may be that only a small addition to shipments from the Black Sea will be made. The exports of wheat from Taganrog in 1868 were 12,860,328 bushels, and from Odessa exceeded 16,000,000 bushels. Other ports send large quantities of wheat and Indian corn, but it is probable that Theodosia will grow into the most consequence in this respect. It is situated on the Crimea, and has the advantage of deep water and good anchorage. For military and economical reasons, Russia intends to make it an important port. With the productions and progress of this region we ought to be made familiar through our consuls. It is equally a *terra incognita* with India, and a powerful competitor in English markets for many of our agricultural productions.

The progress of the drought in England was arrested by copious rains on the 16th, which had a wide extent; but it is certain that although the winter wheat on strong soils is good, that sown on sandy soils, or in the spring, can not recover. The hay crop, except when reached by ocean fogs, was badly damaged, and must produce a resort to grain to supply its place. The importance of the storm on the 16th may be gathered from the money article of the Manchester *Guardian*, written in London on the 17th, which commences as follows: "There is rather more firmness in the stock market, *owing, in some measure, to the rain-fall of last night.*" It was this, and the occurrence of rain in the south of France, which induced the French buyers on the same day to resell a part of the wheat they had purchased on French account. But the exports of wheat and flour to Havre from this port, for the week ending June 28, were equivalent to half a million bushels.

The *Journal Officiel*, of France, presents, among other extracts giving local information, this from the *Progrès*, of Lyons: "If there were any reason to doubt that the harvest in France would be less abundant this year than usual, it certainly will not be the case elsewhere. The wheat crops are most promising in England. In Southern Russia the corn-fields look splendid, and prices have slightly fallen at Odessa, in consequence of the anticipated heavy crops. In Belgium, Holland, and Prussia, it is estimated that the harvest will be sufficiently abundant to meet the wants of those countries without resorting to supplies from abroad." But as late as the 27th of June a telegram from Berlin stated that the "drought has been severe throughout Germany. Advices from all quarters report the corn prospects very discouraging." Another of the same date mentions that "the *Journal des Débats* says that the stock of the western lines of railway in France is firmer, owing to the increase of business expected from *the transportation of American breadstuffs.*" These later advices, if true, indicate that the demand from the Continent for grain will be large, as it unquestionably must be from England. We shall, it is fair to infer, have the benefit of a demand for our breadstuffs from these quarters until the harvest of 1871, although on the 28th of June No. 2 Milwaukee fell to $1 28, under supposed unfavorable advices, as well as from the results of ill-judged speculations at Chicago. It is unfortunate that this great interest is not protected with the sagacity, firmness, singleness of purpose, and power which are displayed in the disposal of cotton.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTER.

M. Prévost-Paradol, the new French Minister to the United States, is now upon his way, and will be received by the hearty good wishes of the country to which he comes. The appointment of so distinguished a Liberal to so important a position is a plain indication of the wish of Louis Napoleon to prove to Frenchmen his own fidelity to his new policy, while he shows to Americans a wish to be represented by a gentleman who was wiser than he during the late great struggle in this country. M. Prévost-Paradol is a Liberal of the school of Guizot, but with more modern sympathies. He has been the skillful advocate of the great principles of constitutional liberty, as they are understood in England and in this country, a system very different from what is called red-republicanism. He is an accomplished scholar, especially versed in English politics and literature, and speaking fluently the English language. He is a member of the Academy, to which he was welcomed in the warmest terms by Guizot, and he has been a conspicuous editor. His articles in the *Courrier du Dimanche* were so trenchant, but so adroit in their hostility to the empire, that the Government found great difficulty in reaching him. But upon one occasion the paper was suppressed, and an article of M. Prévost-Paradol's bitterly censured by the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

That the author of the article should now be appointed American Minister by the Emperor, and that he should accept the appointment, show that he takes the view of the situation in France which is held by M. Laboulaye. Between the liberalized empire and the chances of M. Rochefort he does not hesitate, and he supports the former as the better part of the imperious alternative. He has been joyously feasted by American gentlemen in Paris, including Mr. Read, our Consul-General, and Mr. Thomas Balch, long resident in that city, who enjoys friendly relations with liberal Frenchmen. M. Prévost-Paradol will begin his mission with the best wishes and the best hopes, and it is peculiarly pleasant to reflect that he comes as a friend in the actual, and not in the formal official sense.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

Those who think that it is the manifest destiny of this country to absorb all neighboring states, and that therefore it is folly to oppose any annexation project, should remember that although all children will at some time probably fall down stairs, it is neither wise nor necessary to push them down. That the extension of free governments upon this continent may be expected is undeniable, and that certain neighboring states "gravitate," as the phrase is, to the United States is evident. That this is a real gravitation, arising from identity of intelligence and sympathy, may be questioned; that it is often a mere robbery is undeniable.

Manifest destiny was a popular cry, flattering to the popular pride, and originally raised by the slave party that controlled the country. This was always the annexation party. The country could extend in one direction only, around the Gulf of Mexico, and that was the territory and the climate, and offered the general conditions favorable to the extension of slavery. Mr. Calhoun urged the annexation of Texas upon the ground that England would possibly otherwise obtain it, and blockade the slave line of States with free territory. What an argument for an American statesman! But this was the policy of the Democratic party, and Mr. Calhoun and his friends controlled that policy; and the cry of manifest destiny was a convenient slogan for slavery.

But slavery being ended, the manifest destiny rhetoric has become much weaker. It is not much heard in the Southern States, and even upon the Tammany horn it is a very quavering note. A flourish is very well; but while, for instance, the Democratic party was very willing to acquire slave-holding Cuba, to increase both the slave territory and population and the vote based upon slaves, the Democratic party is not especially avaricious of Cuba when, by the act of annexation, if not before, it would become free. The glory of indefinite extension was never apparent to the intelligence of the country; and when we "rounded our lines" with the ice of Alaska it was plain enough that the manifest destiny dogma was not deeply seated enough in the popular heart to occasion any very hilarious rejoicings.

The policy of wise statesmanship in this country is not to seek extension—above all not to buy it—and when it can not be avoided, to make the best of it. We can not easily hold colonies. The logic of our system and traditions requires equal States wherever the population is sufficient. To acquire the West Indian Islands, therefore, is to annex new States, and States which are for no reason desirable acquisitions. To extend the blessings of free popular government is undoubtedly part of our mission—but not to lose those blessings. If we mean to extend them we must preserve them morally by example, rather than materially by absorption. There is no reason that we should extend them by bringing all the states in the world under one government. If annexation be our policy, we should seek it northward, not southward. But if we look to the strength and harmony of the Union, we shall certainly never aim at West Indian annexation.

EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

The debate upon the education bill in England will be of great advantage to that country if it produces no other result than the establishment of a general school system, which has never existed. British political thought so far outruns practice that it is not surprising to observe that the most radical reforms are proposed. Thus Mr. Forster would have education compulsory, and the House of Commons by an immense majority refused to authorize the reading of the Bible as a part of the daily exercises. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone favored a provision which forbade any sectarian teaching in the schools to be established hereafter. But the proposition was signally defeated. This, however, is not surprising. In a country with an established Church we must not expect that the government would free the schools from all ecclesiastical influence.

It is not easy to foresee the result of the debate. It will undoubtedly be some kind of compromise among the many pending propositions, establishing a system far from uniform and simple; partly paid and partly free; partly denominational and partly not. We observe that Professor Goldwin Smith, in his address before the Cornell University, said that he believed the English movement would end finally in the adoption of our system, and the establishment of the secular principle in education. But it is very possible that, as England precedes us in the excellence of her civil service system, she may adopt the principle of compulsory education while we are still debating whether it is expedient. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. G. F. Hoar stated in his recent admirable speech in the House of Representatives upon education as a national necessity—a speech which should be universally diffused—that England has lately discovered how serious a practical injury her want of a proper system of education is. The moral of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and of the actual condition of Prussia, is not lost upon her. The better technical schools of the Continent, the enforced education of the whole people, have given such superiority to continental manufactures and agriculture, that the English jurors and exhibitors, upon careful consideration, admitted that some such system was essential to continued British ascendency. England will not disdain to learn a useful lesson, even of "a military despotism." And with the same wisdom we might consent to learn in any school that can teach us, and not scornfully and pertinaciously refuse to improve our civil service lest we be taught wisdom by an "aristocracy."

THE GENTLEMAN FROM CHINA.

The Chinese question renews itself from time to time, and upon the Pacific coast it is discussed with much feeling. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, also says that it seems as if capital had conspired to degrade labor in this country by inundating it with foreign ignorance. Mr. Fitch and other gentlemen in the House were anxious to forbid the Chinese to become citizens. In New York some representatives of the trades unions speak of opposing by force of arms the employment of the Chinese. Meanwhile certain facts may be wisely remembered. The country needs laborers. It can wisely and profitably employ a great multitude more than it has. The population is very largely made up of immigrants, and, if we go back a little, we are all foreigners. Neither the principles nor the traditions of the government, nor the feelings of the people, would authorize the forcible exclusion of any foreigner honestly seeking to improve his condition by accepting the invitation of this country, which exhorts all mankind to come here and be happy.

It may be assumed, therefore, that the Chinese movement will continue. The trades unions may perplex the easy solution of the question, but they can not prohibit the immigration. If this be true, two things are evident. First, that the "cooly trade"—the enterprises of gentlemen like Mr. Koopmanschoop—should be absolutely prohibited. The voluntary movement can not be stayed; but the forced movement—the immigration by contract, which, as we have heretofore shown, is the revival of the slave trade—should be strictly forbidden. Then the treatment of those who do come should be as honorable and generous as that which is accorded to the people of all other countries. Any attempt to outlaw the Chinese, to draw upon them a peculiar contumely, to treat them harshly and with personal abuse, would certainly be resented by the conscience and good sense of the country. The Government will do its duty if it rigorously interferes with the wholesale importation of these laborers. And if the whole subject is left to the operation of natural laws, freed from all forcing, we doubt if any honest American laborer need fear the result.

DOG-DAY DELIGHTS.

When the dog-star rages, and the days and nights are what we have all recently known them to be, at the torrid apex of the year, the student of the almanac who can read between the lines discerns, "About this time look out for College Commencements." If we could ascertain the precise image of a Commencement which is most familiar to most persons, we should probably discover that it was a vision of a vast multitude fanning, gasping, and profusely perspiring in a hall or church or theatre. A tradition haunts the Harvard Commencements that on an inexpressibly hot day, when the platform was crowded with grave country clergymen, heavily swathed in thick woolen coats, listening, dripping, through hour after hour, to the orations of the graduates, one of the clerical brethren from the city, who was suffering liquefaction in the solemn company, turned serenely to his neighbor, and, with a rising inflection in his voice, quoted the hymn,

> "The heart, distrustful, asks if this be joy."

And so might the same heart ask at every Commencement celebration. But why should it not also ask, and with a rising inflection, until it is answered, why the Commencement should not be postponed until a more convenient, because a more comfortable, season? Undoubtedly the academical year is now arranged with reference to the present date. But the mere existence of a difficulty, the mere tradition of an abuse or a mistake, although constantly and stoutly pleaded as an argument in its favor, is not conceded to be such by intelligent persons. Why should the great and delightful festival of the college—the feast of reunion, of memory, and of friendship, the day of days, and devoted to the tenderest and often most pathetic associations—fall hopelessly upon a time of the year which, by constant and long experience, is proved to be the most trying and disagreeable for the purpose? But, as if to confound us at the very moment of the inquiry, we observe that the Commencement of Brown University, which used formerly to be held in September, is now celebrated at the end of June! Those early September days were often hot. But the tamed heat of September—what is it compared with the ferocity of midsummer?

Here in the city of New York there have been the University Commencement and those of the College of New York and of Columbia College crowding each other. At the same time was the Cornell Commencement, and a little later are the great days at Union, at Hamilton, at Rochester, and Madison. Princeton, too, of an uncompromising fervor of theology, sympathetically delights to hold her holiday with the mercury at 95°. We say delights—for if she does not, why does she do it? What "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," compels the mother of orthodoxy to burn her returning children as she embraces them? We should be glad to see the *College Review*, the *Cornell Era*, and the many other excellent contemporaries of ours which are especially devoted to the interests of the colleges, agitating this question. Let them begin the great reform. Let them in loud and imposing chorus declare that the dog-day Commencement is not "joy." Let them solemnly ask the graduates of the country and the authorities of colleges whether they have not resolution enough to insist, and power enough to provide, that they will be comfortable at Commencement.

NOTES.

It has certainly been very warm; but probably very few of the best-informed citizens are aware that we have all just escaped being "deeply and irrevocably engulfed into the rumbling and irate bowels of the nether earth." The truth is that the irate bowels of the upper earth give us as much as we can attend to, which is, doubtless, the reason that we were ignorant of our possible doom. The weather, indeed, has been so warm that the heads of certain gentlemen have become unsteady, and they straightway declare that there has been an earthquake. But for the bulk of the city, the convulsion, like that at Thrasimene, "reeled unheededly away." However, the heat was extraordinary, and required extraordinary treatment, and nothing could be more appropriate than the remark that if something had happened which didn't happen, the vast American continent might have been "deeply and irrevocably engulfed into the rumbling and irate bowels of the nether earth." In which awful case how appropriate would have been the remark of Leech's rude street-boy, accompanied with expressive gestures, to the young gentleman going to have a tooth drawn: "Won't there be a scre-e-a-u-n-ch *nuther!*"

The *World* thinks that Governor Hoffman's vetoes "exhibit this statesman in a very favorable light." It adds that "his keen sense of responsibility impels him to examine with scrupulous care every bill presented for his signature." It was this keen sense of responsibility and this scrupulous care, probably, which induced "this statesman" to sign the Erie bill, one of the most monstrous acts of legislation ever perpetrated.

Why are the good words "begin" and "beginning" fallen into such disfavor? They are old, indeed, and they have done a great deal of service; but they are strong and racy, and worth a dozen of the bastard "commence" and "commencement," which are intriguing against them. "He commenced to speak," says the reporter. But the Bible mentions a better way: "From that time Jesus began to preach." Should we improve it if we said, "From that time Jesus commenced to preach?" So at the very beginning of the Bible—or is it more elegant to say commencement of the Bible?—what do we read? Is it that in the commencement God made heaven and earth? Now precisely as much as these familiar and solemn passages would lose in force and spirit by substituting commence for begin, does every phrase lose by the same ill treatment. When we give, don't let us "donate;" and whoever "commences" a work, let us begin it. Long words are no more elegant words than "big" pictures are high art.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 27.—In the Senate, the Tax bill came up, and the income tax sections were stricken out without a division. The evening session was mainly devoted to the consideration of the Texas and Pacific Railroad bill, which was passed.—In the House, a resolution directing the Ways and Means Committee to report forthwith a bill reducing the duties on all classes of salt fifty per cent. was adopted by a vote of 108 yeas to 49 nays.

June 28.—In the Senate, the San Domingo treaty was under consideration.—In the House, a memorial from New York against cooly labor was submitted. A bill to prevent the extermination of fur-bearing animals in Alaska was passed.

June 29.—In the Senate, a motion to reconsider the Texas and Pacific Railroad bill was rejected. The greater part of the session was devoted to the Tariff bill.—Nothing of public interest was brought up in the House.

June 30.—In the Senate, the House bill to protect fur-bearing animals in Alaska was passed. A joint resolution was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, authorizing a survey of the Tehuantepec and Nicaragua route for an interoceanic ship-canal. In executive session the San Domingo treaty was rejected by a vote of 28 to 28.—The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Indian Appropriation bills, and a committee of conference was ordered on the points of disagreement.

July 1.—The most important action in the Senate was the restoration of the income tax, for two years, at the rate of two and a half per cent.—In the House an amended substitute to the Senate Funding bill was passed.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The public debt statement for July shows the debt to have been decreased by $20,203,772 04 during the month of June.

Lady Franklin has returned to Victoria, Vancouver Island, from Sitka, on account of the unfavorable weather.

It is reported that Prince Pierre Bonaparte is in San Francisco, on his way to Tahiti.

The last spike—a silver one—was driven June 24 in the Denver Pacific Railroad, at Denver.

The Indians are still troublesome in the Western Territories. Spotted Tail has gone off on a hunting excursion to idemnify himself for the privations of his Eastern tour, and promises to talk peace on his return.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Lord Clarendon, British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, died suddenly in London, June 26. He was in his seventy-first year. The death of Archdeacon Hare, of London, in his seventy-fifth year, and that of Sir James Clark, the distinguished physician, in his eighty-second year, are also announced.

The Committee on Petitions of the Corps Législatif have, "at the request of M. Ollivier," reported unfavorably on the application of the Orleans princes for permission to return to France. The Emperor says he will urge their return at the proper and safe time, which has not yet arrived.

The French Emperor and Generals Prim and Serrano, it is stated, concurred in the abdication of Queen Isabella, on condition that no Orleanist prince should succeed to the Spanish crown.

The London *Times* commends the "prudence and forbearance of the United States Government in relation to Cuban affairs."

Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*, has again petitioned to have his case reopened, and has been refused.

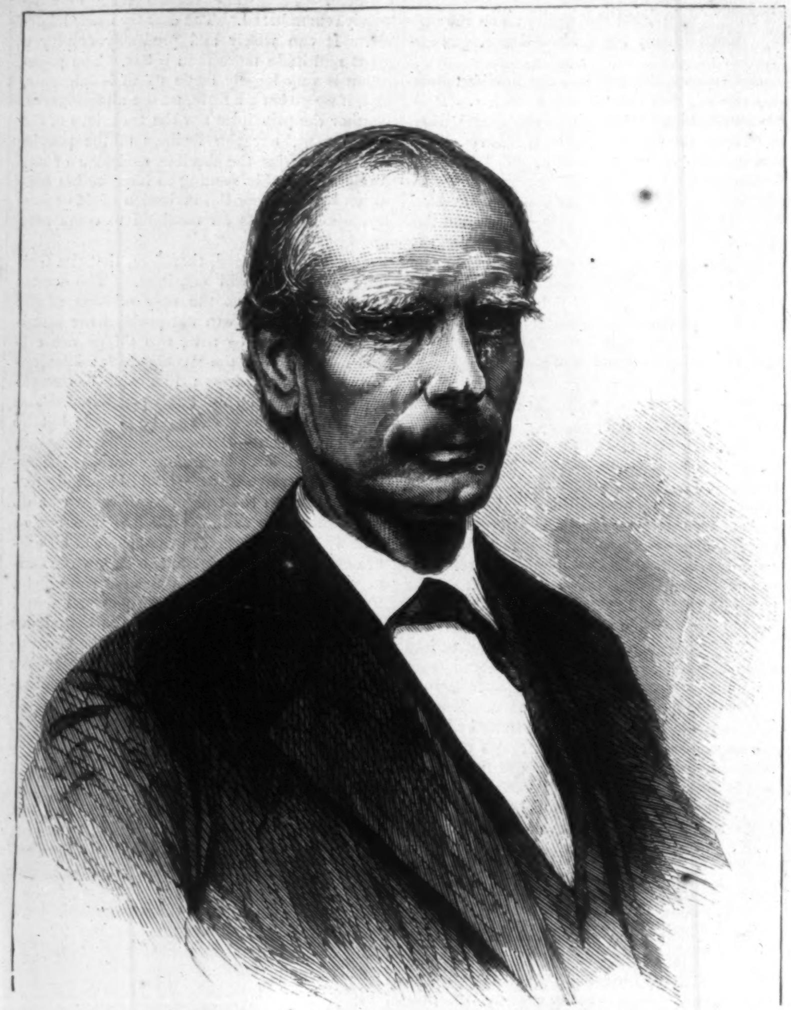
Quiet is restored in Cork, but there is great uneasiness in commercial circles.

An insurgent leader in Cuba, Gonzalez Junco, who surrendered and was pardoned, has since been tried for acts done during his career as a rebel, and condemned and executed.

THE NEW ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The Hon. **Amos T. Akerman**, who has succeeded the Hon. Judge **Hoar** as Attorney-General of the United States, is a native of New Hampshire; but a residence of nearly thirty years in the South relieves him from the imputation of being a "carpet-bagger." He graduated at Dartmouth College, and immediately afterward went to Georgia, where he studied law in the office of Senator **Berrian**, who was Attorney-General under President **Jackson**, and is to-day considered one of the leading lawyers of the South. Mr. **Akerman**'s first political distinction was attained in the late Constitutional Convention of Georgia, of which he was a prominent and active member. During the war he was an earnest Union man. In order to escape conscription into the rebel army, he accepted a nominal appointment in a Georgia regiment, but was not engaged in active service in the field. A writer in a Democratic paper, who professes to know him well, says of him: "I was placed in a position during our great conflict which brought me into curiously intimate relations with the few Unionists scattered through the South, and among them all there was not one man more devoted to the old flag than **Amos T. Akerman**. Vastly as his principles differed from my own, I always respected the conscientious honesty with which he clung to them."

Mr. **Akerman** was one of the earliest and firmest friends of equal rights for all men. He is respected wherever he is known in the South, and his appointment has given very general satisfaction to the people of that section of the country, where the greater part of his life has been spent.



A. T. AKERMAN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.
[Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington, D. C.]

PUBLIC BATHS.

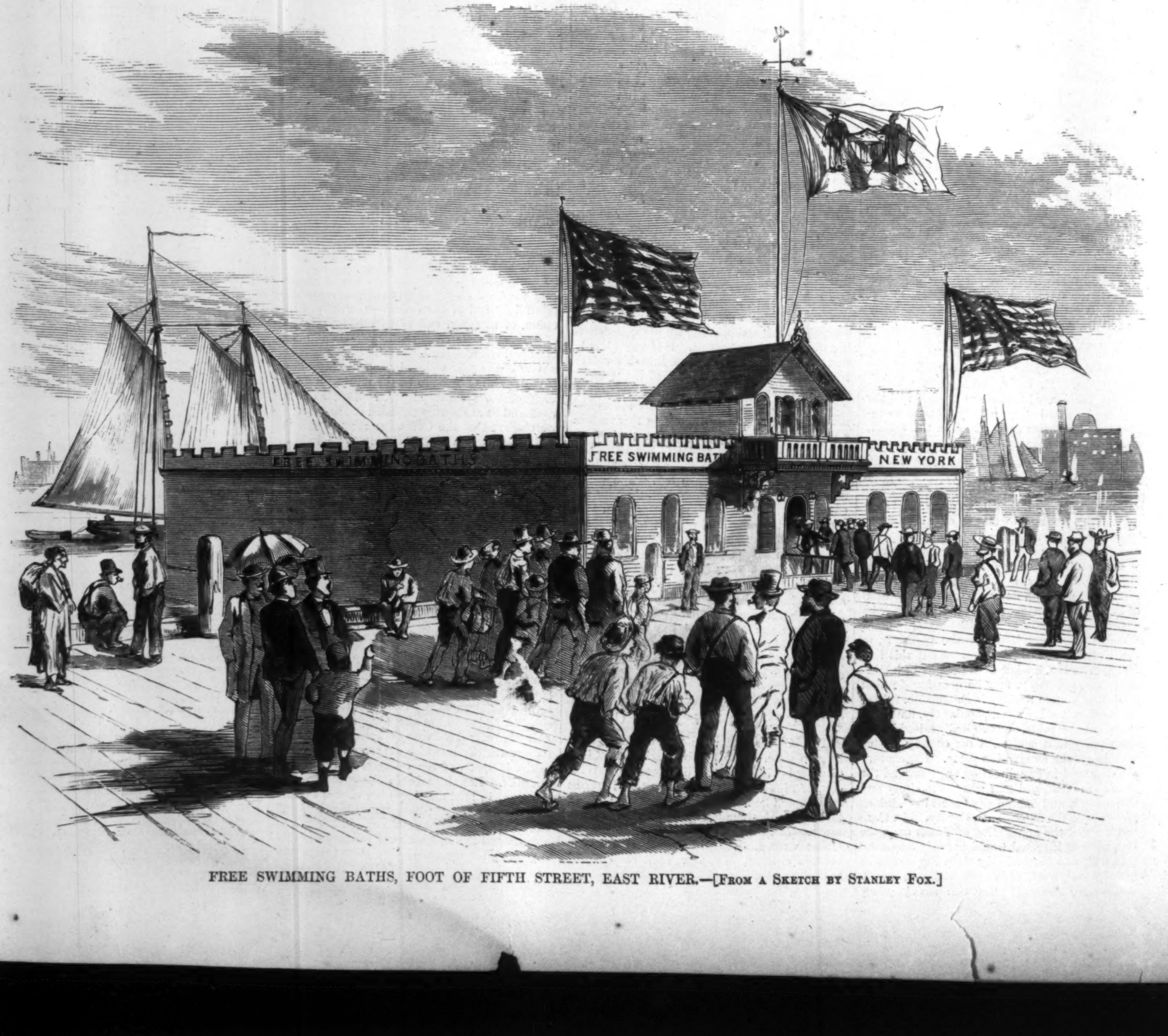
The Commissioners of Public Works of New York have conferred a great benefit upon the community by opening free public baths in this city. There are two of these—one at the foot of Thirteenth Street, on the North River; the other at the foot of Fifth Street, on the East River. They are built of wood, and are commodious and in every way convenient. As our illustration shows, they do not differ essentially in external appearance from other floating baths; but inside they are cleaner and nicer, and more conveniently fitted up.

To these baths, under certain necessary restrictions, bathers of both sexes are admitted on alternate days, free of charge. The houses were thrown open to the public on the last day of June, and from early morning till dark there was a continued rush of men and boys to take advantage of this inestimable water privilege. At the East River house, before noon, 1600 had embraced the opportunity afforded them; by 5 p.m., over 3000; between 7 and 8, nearly 5000. Of course none of these large numbers were all in together. About 200 can be comfortably accommodated in a batch, with room for a reasonable chance of exercise and evolution.

Our illustration represents the exterior of the East River establishment. The sketch was made July 1, when the bath was thrown open to women, by whom the privilege seemed to be no less heartily appreciated than by those of the other sex. The baths will be kept open until ten o'clock at night, and will be well lighted with gas.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Life becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its vexations, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of a Lady Dumbello, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman tells on her dress, how the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness, give an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet-strings. In every movement, in the very sweep of her ample folds, in the pose of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass. She may be gay or sorrowful, or quiet or energetic, but she must be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her, which moulds her whole life into graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of man into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, harmonies of color, contrasts, correspondencies, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tells on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay notes of a sonata, the coziest of couches, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry, glass-work of Murano, a hundred exquisite somethings and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The art of the boudoir tells on all but the chaos of the husband's study. Around that last refuge of barbarism floats an atmosphere of taste and refinement in which the pretty little wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this tone of the home grows the tone of society, the social laws of good-humor, of propriety, of self-restraint, of consideration for others, of gentleness, of vivacity. The very hush of the rough tones that have thundered over Peloponnese as Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous serfdoms and idlenesses of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty women.



FREE SWIMMING BATHS, FOOT OF FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER.—[From a Sketch by Stanley Fox.]

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER III.

Getting the Stores Ashore.—A Needless Alarm.—Building the Hut.—Difficulty of procuring Materials.—The Thatch.—Arrangement of the Interior.

WE left the shipwrecked party huddling together under a tarpaulin before a fire which they had contrived to build, and, as the storm was now beginning to abate, forming a plan for trying to get on board the wreck, in order to bring from it, if possible, some sails and cordage, by means of which they might construct something in the way of a tent for at least temporary shelter.

This plan was at once carried into execution, and it was entirely successful. Mr. Raynal, who was really the head of the party—the whole enterprise on which the vessel had been sent having been committed to his charge—was unable to accompany the others, having not yet recovered from his illness; but the captain and the three seamen went, leaving Mr. Raynal to take care of the fire, and, if he found himself able to do so, to prepare some food for them, to be ready on their return. They had a kettle which they had brought with them at their first landing. Mr. Raynal took this to a brook which was not far off, and after filling it with water, and bringing it back to the fire, he put a piece of salt meat in it from the stores which they had saved, and set it over the fire to be boiled.

In due time the men returned from the ship, bringing with them quite a store of treasures in the shape of sails, cordage, a few boards, and other simple materials for the construction of the tent. They also had procured a number of very essential tools—namely, two pickaxes, two shovels, a hammer, an axe, an adze, and a gimlet.

Considerably encouraged by their success, the men stopped a few moments at the fire, and then went into the woods to select a spot for their tent, which they prepared for this purpose with their pickaxes and shovels. They then came back to the fire, and, as the storm had now ceased, they remained there to eat the dinner which Mr. Raynal had prepared for them while they had been at their work. It consisted of boiled salt beef, ship biscuit, and tea. After this repast they proceeded to the tent. Mr. Raynal, too feeble to walk alone, leaned upon Captain Musgrave's arm. The others went to work at transporting the stores from under the tarpaulin to the tent, where they would be much more effectually sheltered.

The stores which they thus secured consisted of a cask containing about a hundred pounds of ship biscuit, and in another cask about fifty pounds of flour. There were about two pounds of tea, and three of coffee—each inclosed in a tin box—perhaps about ten pounds of sugar, a little salt meat, about a pound of pepper, half a bottle of mustard, a little salt, and last, though probably by no means least in the estimation of the sailors, six pounds of tobacco.

They had brought up a number of other articles from the hold after the ship struck, and had secured them upon the deck—such as a stock of kitchen utensils, several bags of salt, Captain Musgrave's chest, and a large kettle, which had been put on board the vessel to be used for trying out seal oil. All these things they had been obliged to leave behind when they escaped in the boat to the shore. But they had lashed them so securely that they remained undisturbed, and they now brought several of these articles safe to land.

By the time that all these things were conveyed to the tent, and properly stowed away, the day was well spent; and as the previous night had been a night of horror for them instead of sleep, they were in great need of repose. So they all went under the tent, and, getting into the least uncomfortable positions that they could find among the boxes and packages, they went to sleep. Fortunately for them, sailors are never dependent for the soundness of their slumbers on the comforts of their bed.

Before a great while they were all aroused by a noise in the thickets around the tent. The noise consisted of a great rustling among the branches of the trees, and of something trampling over dry sticks and dead leaves, accompanied by sounds of hard breathing, with now and then a grunt, indicating that something quite extraordinary was going on. The men, alarmed, sprang up from their slumbers, and seizing what weapons there were at hand, hurried out to ascertain what was the matter. Aleck grasped the axe, and each of the others laid hold of whatever he could find that would serve for a club. On going out from the tent they found that the noise was made by seals that were scrambling in great numbers through the thickets to their various nests and lodging-places, where they were to spend the night.

Most of the animals were going along peaceably enough, and evinced no evil intentions; but there were two immense sea-lions that were engaged in mortal combat, though what had excited their hostility against each other did not appear. They were of enormous size, and the conflict between them was terrible. They raised themselves up against each other, and bit and tore each other in a frightful manner. The men wished to stop the fight, in order that they might themselves return into the tent again, and sleep in peace. In order to do this, and to drive the brutes away, George or Harry proposed to go to the fire, and bring some burning fire-brands, and throw at them. This plan succeeded. The beasts, terrified by fire, let go of each other, and fled in different ways into the thickets.

The night passed away without any further disturbance, and the men slept as well as they could till morning. But the ground was damp beneath them, and their clothes had not yet been dried; the postures, moreover, in which they had been obliged to lie were so uncomfortable that when they rose in the morning they found that they had been very little refreshed by their slumbers. Their limbs were benumbed and stiff, and their sense of weariness and fatigue was greater than when they lay down.

On going out of their tent it appeared that the seals had all left the thickets, and had gone back to the sea, in order, no doubt, to commence their day's work of fishing. After a little time, however, the men came in sight of one that had for some reason been left behind, and they immediately set off in pursuit of him, in order to see what they could make of his flesh for food.

He led them a long chase, however, before they could secure him. One would think, from the conformation of the limbs of these animals, which would seem to be specially adapted to the water, that they would be very helpless on land. But this is by no means so. The seal in this case made his way through and among the thickets faster than the men could follow him. They lost track of him several times while they were entangled among briers, or were stopped by the trunk of a fallen tree. At length, however, they succeeded in capturing and killing him, and not long afterward they were seen coming back toward the tent, each bringing a mass of the flesh on his shoulders.

They hung one of these pieces over the fire, and left Mr. Raynal to watch it, and to keep it turning by means of a stick, while the rest concluded to take advantage of the low tide to go on board the ship. Their object was to see if they could not recover and bring to the shore some more of the articles which they had brought up from the hold and left upon the deck, on the night of the wreck, for fear of loading their little boat too heavily. They were quite successful in this expedition, and returned about noon, bringing with them quite a number of articles which were likely to be of great use to them, such as the great kettle, and several other kitchen utensils, the ship's compass, the chronometer, their several chests, and some empty casks. They were very glad to get the chronometer, and to find that it was uninjured. It had not even stopped.

When they had carefully put away these articles in the tent, they set themselves to the task of eating their dinner of roasted seal. A pretty hard task they found it; for the flesh was dark, coarse-grained, and oily, and was equally unpleasant to the taste and to the smell. But, as Mr. Raynal said, they knew that they should have to accustom themselves to such food, and so they went bravely through it.

As soon as the most urgent and immediate necessities of the party were thus supplied, Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal had time to reflect a little upon their situation, and to consider what they were to do. The only possible chances of escape, as it appeared to them then, were two. First, that toward the end of the season a vessel might come in search for them, according to an arrangement which had been made to this effect with the owners of the *Grafton*, who had bound themselves to send another vessel out to look for this party in case they should not return before the end of four months; secondly, that some chance vessel passing that way might discover and rescue them. The probability of their being saved by a vessel accidentally passing they knew was small, as the island on which they were wrecked was situated in the midst of very remote and unfrequented seas. There was every probability that they would have to remain on the island several months, even if they were ultimately rescued; and it became, therefore, of great importance to them to construct a more permanent dwelling than the tent. For the tent, although it had been invaluable to them for the time being, as a partial and temporary shelter, afforded no effectual protection from either wind or rain; and should a violent tempest occur it might at any moment be swept entirely away from over their heads.

So they determined to see what they could do in the way of building a house.

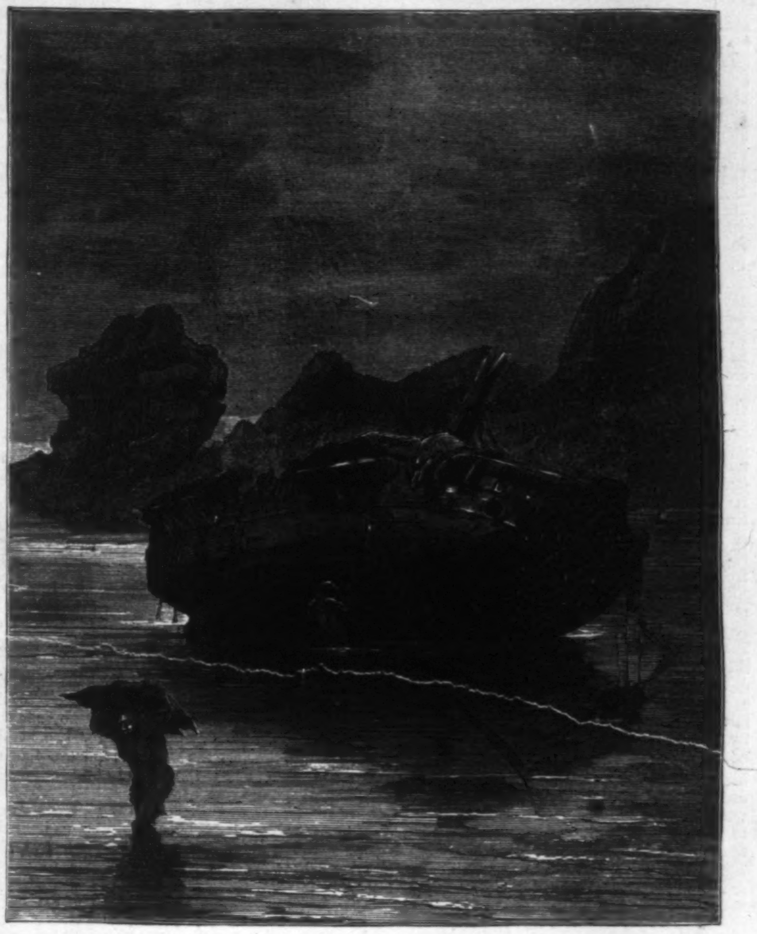
They appointed Mr. Raynal, who had some knowledge of mechanics, to superintend the work. He was, moreover, not yet strong enough to render much aid in any other way. He formed the plans, and the men immediately engaged in the execution of them. The labor required was very great, since every thing connected with the procuring and transportation of the materials was to be done by the unaided strength of the four men; and they had very few tools to use in the construction, and no nails for the fastenings. It was many weeks before the house, or rather cabin, was finished; but the work was accomplished at last, and it furnished the party, during the time they remained upon the island, quite a comfortable habitation. The engraving gives a correct view of the form and construction of the building, and also of the situation which they chose for it.

They could find no straight trees upon the island of sufficient size for the frame-work. There were large trees of a certain kind; but they were so gnarled, knotty, and crooked in their forms that they could do nothing with them in the way of carpentry, however beautiful some of the wood might have been for ornamental work, in finishing or fancy furniture. So they were obliged to depend for lumber on the materials which they could procure from the masts and spars of the wreck.

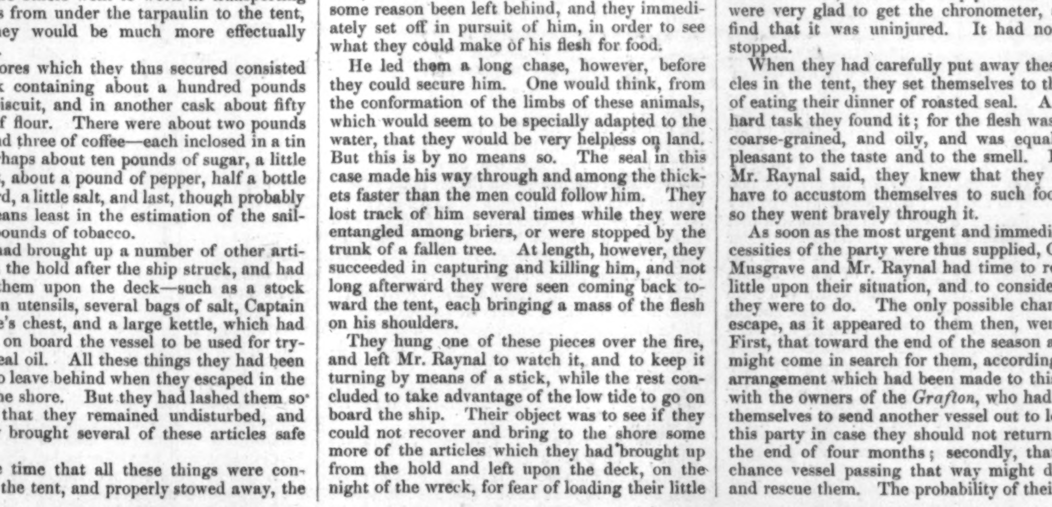
With these, which they floated on shore when the water was smooth, and then conveyed, with infinite labor, to the place which they had selected for their building, they formed the frame. It consisted of strong posts set deep into the ground at the four corners, with beams connecting them above, and also of other posts set up in a leaning position on each side, to act as braces to furnish an additional security against the violence of the wind. There were also two posts set up, one in the middle of each end of the building, to support the ridge-pole. They found in the woods poles sufficiently large to serve as rafters, and also to form a kind of lattice-work for the roof and the sides, necessary as a support for the thatch which was to form the inside covering.

The making of this thatch was a very tedious and even painful operation. They were obliged to use for this purpose, instead of straw, a plant which grew upon the island—the only one which could be procured in sufficient quantities to answer their purpose—but which was armed, along the sides of its stems and leaves, with sharp, serrated edges, which cut the hands of the men so much in gathering and tying them, that they were obliged several times to stop the work, in order that their hands might recover from the excessive soreness the contact of the plants occasioned.

For, besides the work of gathering a sufficient



STRIPPING THE COPPER FROM THE WRECK.



THE CABIN BY THE SEA-SHORE.

quantity of the material, they were obliged to form it into very compact bundles of about the size and length of a man's arm, for convenience of laying upon the building, and to tie these bundles with cords, which they obtained by untwisting ropes procured from the rigging of the ship. They were obliged to make a very great number of these bundles; for the dimensions of the building were about twenty-two feet by sixteen, and this gave, in the sides and roof, a large surface to be covered by the thatching. The whole number of bundles which they had to make they found, on counting them, was about nine thousand!

When the bundles were made they began to lay them, lashing each bundle to the lattice-work, and lapping each tier over the one below it, so as properly to carry off the rain. They had to cover the roof in this way with several layers, until the whole thickness was about a foot.

To protect this thatching more effectually from violent winds, they sewed it to the rafters below by means of a long needle, which they formed out of wood, and strong twine for thread, and then placed over the whole two beams of wood, one on each side, which also they secured in a very firm manner by proper lashings. They left two or three small openings in different parts of the side and end walls for windows. These they contrived to glaze with the sashes obtained from the cabin windows of the vessel.

The labor required in constructing in this manner the walls and roof of the cabin was very great, and the work occupied many weeks; but the perplexities and special difficulties which they had to encounter became much more serious when they came to the construction of the fire-place and chimney. But they succeeded, at last, under the guidance of Mr. Raynal's ingenuity and skill, in surmounting them all. They built the chimney of flat stones, which they collected with great labor and pains from a very considerable distance around the spot. They were for a time quite at a loss to determine what to do for a cement, since the stones, though they were the best that they could find, were not sufficiently regular in form to lie steadily together without something to unite them. They could not find any clay, or any other kind of tenacious earth. Finally, however, Mr. Raynal conceived the idea of manufacturing some lime by employing the men to collect a great quantity of shells from the shores, and burning them. The plan succeeded perfectly well. Of course the process was very slow; but after a time a sufficient quantity of lime was produced, which, when mixed with wet sand, made a mortar that answered the purpose perfectly for the fire-place, though it would have been impossible to build a chimney in that way high enough above the thatching of the roof.

Mr. Raynal, finding his experiment of manufacturing lime so successful, subsequently conceived the idea of attempting to make soap. The men, it seems, when they first landed, and were thinking only of saving their lives from day to day, had got their clothes very much daubed with oil in bringing home on their shoulders or in their arms masses of the flesh of seals which they had killed at a distance from the tent. No washing with water would remove this oil, and the clothes were in such a condition in consequence of it that it was almost impossible to wear them. So Mr. Raynal made a great quantity of ashes by keeping up a large fire for many days. These ashes he leached through a cask with gimlet-holes bored in the bottom of it; and with the lye thus produced, and a proper quantity of seal oil, he manufactured a supply of soap which answered perfectly well to clean the clothing, and was afterward a great means both of comfort and health to the men during all their stay on the island.

But to return to the chimney. Finding that it would be impossible to build up a chimney of masonry with such materials as they had, they finally concluded to make a smoke-pipe out of the copper sheathing of the vessel, provided they found that they could strip the sheathing off for this purpose.

Mr. Raynal contrived to make a tool by which the copper could be detached from the ship's bottom. He manufactured this tool in some way from a slender bar of iron which formed part of the rigging connected with the fastening of the lower ends of the shrouds. The two seamen waded out to the vessel at low tide, and with this bar stripped off the sheets of copper, carefully preserving all the nails, and brought the copper and the nails on shore.

In the mean time the others at the cabin set up four long posts at the four corners of the great stone fire-place, inclining them toward each other above, so as to bring the upper ends at the proper distance apart to form the chimney-top. Then they nailed the sheets of copper to these posts, thus inclosing a space for the passage of the smoke from the fire. When the work was finished they built a fire in the fire-place, and found that their chimney carried the smoke perfectly well.

They thought it would be necessary for them, both for health as well as comfort, to have a floor to the cabin, as the ground seemed to be every where covered to a considerable depth with a spongy sort of moss or peat, which was often entirely saturated with water, and was never really dry—that is, never when left to itself. Whenever the men built a fire in the open air, the ground beneath was found to be composed to so great a degree of vegetable matter that, after being dried by the heat, it took fire, and would burn to a considerable depth. So true was this that before commencing to build their fire-place they were obliged to dig out this vegetable soil to a considerable depth, and to a considerable extent in each direction, and then to fill up the cavity with stones, in order to form an incombustible foundation for their chimney.

They succeeded in finding trees in the woods with stems straight enough and large enough for sleepers to lay their floor upon, and they obtained from the vessel boards enough to cover them.

When the cabin was thus completed, the next thing was to furnish it. The dimensions of the building were, as has already been said, about twenty-two feet long by sixteen wide. The door opened in the middle of one of the long sides—namely, the side that was turned away from the sea, and was most sheltered by the neighboring rocks. The fire-place was opposite to it. Thus the door and the fire-place divided the cabin into two equal parts. The part on the right hand was appropriated to Captain Musgrave and Mr. Raynal, their two beds being placed in the two corners. Between these, at the *end* of the cabin, they placed a kind of box, which they brought from the cabin of the vessel, which was divided within into two portions, and had a separate cover for each portion, these covers projecting in front and over the ends in such a manner as to form a very convenient table for writing and other such purposes. Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave made this their desk, and the office for the transaction of business. Over it, upon rude shelves which they contrived to put up and to fasten to the trellis-work, they placed the instruments and charts which they had obtained from the vessel, and they hung a small looking-glass near.

They even established a library here by appropriating one shelf to such books as they found in their chests, consisting of a Bible, a copy of "Paradise Lost," and two or three well-worn English novels with many leaves missing.

The other part of the hut, to the left of the door and fire-place, was appropriated to the use of the three seamen. One of the beds was placed at the end, and the other two at the sides—all against the walls. Near the door on that side, and near the foot of one of the beds, was a small table used for what in ordinary housekeeping would be called the kitchen-work. There were shelves above this table to hold the few culinary utensils they possessed, and also the lamps. These lamps were of a very rude construction, being made of tin cans which had contained preserved vegetables. The wicks were made of twisted strings, and the blubber of the sea-lions furnished the oil. In the middle of the cabin, between the door and the fire-place, they set a large permanent table made of planks, supported upon four stout posts set in the ground. This table was made low, so that it served the purpose of a bench to sit upon as well as a table.

In the division which was thus made incidentally, as it were, in the interior of the cabin by the doors and the fire-place, and the table between them, and in the appointment of the parts to the different occupants, the distinction of rank, or rather of function, was almost unconsciously recognized even in this dire extremity of want and danger. One side of the cabin was that of the officers, the other that of the men. One side was the seat of the intelligence, the direction—the government, so to speak; the other of labor, of obedience, of execution. This was done instinctively, by common consent—as a thing of course, as it were, for thus far no attempt had been made to form any compact or arrange any organization. The men, from the moment that the vessel was abandoned, were no longer under the authority of the captain, but each one was entirely free; and the spirit of subordination which they had thus far manifested was a form of that instinctive submission of the weak and the ignorant to those whom they consider the intelligent and the strong, which constitutes an essential part of the nature of man as a gregarious animal, and is doubtless the origin and germ from which all human government springs.

TO BE CONTINUED.

D'IZZY DIZZY.

By GAIL HAMILTON.

THE Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, familiarly known to the London street public as "Dizzy," has written a book; and a book before which an American and an author must stand in awe. When a member of Parliament and a British Premier lays his thunder by, and comes down into the arena of literature, it is meet, right, and the bounden duty of all lesser gladiators to drop lance and take lessons in high art. High, indeed, is this great statesman's art—so high that, as our title intimates, we fear he has sometimes lost head a little himself, bewildered by the splendor which his own pen has evoked. Never, surely, was such grandeur, such glory, such inexhaustible magnificence, such unimaginable wealth, seen in America outside the columns of the *New York Ledger* or the *Flag of our Union*. Certainly Mr. Disraeli approves himself to be what the Apostle calls "a Jew inwardly." His very names strike terror into the beholder. When we have turned from the Benjamin on the title-page, the last link is broken which bound us to common life, and we henceforth hold high converse only with Corisandes and Theodoras, with Alberthas, St. Aldegondes, Dukes of Brecon, Lords of Culloden and Carisbrooke, till the Disraelitic mind yields under the pressure, forgets its own christening, and brings Lady Montairy to the surface indiscriminately as Augusta, Georgina, or Victoria. Even the *bête noir* of the ducal family, the heroine of the mésalliance, is nothing less than Euphrosyne Cat—let us refer to the original documents—Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, with a dowry of one hundred and fifty or so thousand pounds for a "nest-egg" (what must be the wealth of the whole fledged brood!), and a descent from Greek emperors. The American imagination fails to conceive the empyrean heights of an English family whose sole sorrow is that their son wants to make a low marriage with a Euphrosyne Cantacuzene, Greek emperors, and hundreds of thousands of pounds!

The society of "Lothair" is equal to its nomenclature. Let us put off our shoes from off our feet. The very grooms are respectfully haughty and calmly graceful. How shambling, shame-faced, and awkward must we of the common lot seem to these aristocratic gentlemen's gentlemen! Happily for our peace of mind, we see but little of them. "Lothair" is, as it should be, made of sterner stuff. At the outset we fall plump into a nest of nobles. The Duchess is singularly beautiful, and gifted with native grace, though how she could be gifted with acquired grace we are not informed. Her husband is as distinguished as his bride. All their children, strange to say, are a reproduction of their parents. All are alike distinguished, and Lady Corisande even more so. Every day, therefore, when this noble Duke looks into the glass, and gives the last touches to his consummate toilet, he offers his graceful thanks to Providence that his family are not unworthy of him!—an act of devotion which reminds us of the gentleman whose religious meditations were said to consist of an attempt to discover whether he made the Almighty, or the Almighty made him!

The one inconvenience of this high-toned duke is, that so many heiresses have married into his family and left therein so many princely domains that, after the fashion of the old woman who lived in a shoe, he has so many palaces he does not know what to do. Then comes Lothair and piles on as many more, till the ducal embarrassment may be better imagined than described.

But the duke does not monopolize magnificence either in building or beauty. We leave his Italian palace, with its spacious and graceful chambers, its statued and stately terraces, its radiant daughters—who perform the remarkable feat of bursting into melody—only to find ourselves in the marble halls, the lofty chambers with silken hangings and Venetian splendor, of Lord St. Jerome, a grave but gracious person, polished, but talking of the weather like any common mortal at a loss for something more to the purpose. Then we dine in a green silk chamber—they all live in chambers in Mr. Disraeli's England—with the large violet eyes and the rich dark hair and the radiant form of Clare Arundel, and we picnic in the park with Lady St. Jerome, who is never seen to greater advantage than when distributing her viands under such circumstances, and who is absolutely fascinating when it comes to lobster sandwiches. Anon we sup off ortolans in the sumptuous Crecy House, in company with royalty, followed by the imperial presence of embassadors, and escorted by a group of dazzling duchesses and paladins of high degree, in a choice saloon hung with rose-colored tapestry and illuminated by chandeliers of crystal, and served from gold plate; and, adds the delighted author, at the end of his rope, "Never was such an elegant clatter." (Clatter! Heavens! do the *quality* clatter? Is there saving grace even in its being an *elegant* clatter?) If a lady is overturned on a heap of stones in the king's highway, she is sure to be of a singularly distinguished presence, with the air and costume of high breeding and fashion, and no end of dignity and serenity—Grecian and Olympian and Phidian, and Heaven knows what. Her husband, though an American, is tall and fair and fine-eyed and calm and full of self-respect. But then he is a Southern gentleman, with vast estates in the South. He is not a Yankee, says the Right Honorable Premier, with an unction paralleled only by the earnestness with which Mrs. S. A. Allen assures us that her World's Hair Restorer is NOT a dye. A Southern gentleman, did we say? Mr. Disraeli's sarcasm bites harder than this.

"You know he is a gentleman," said the Duke; "he is not a Yankee."

Can the South be said, in any proper sense of the word, to have lost its cause, while such a remark is extant? And should it not be content to lose it, upon learning further that an English duke looks upon an American gentleman with large estates in the South as a real aristocrat, and, whether said gentleman gets his rents or not, said duke will always treat him with respect? The sharpest pang of loss is gone when we know that it makes no difference in the feelings of an English duke toward us.

To this gentleman, who *is* no Yankee, offers Lothair his own carriage instead of the shattered vehicle. "Sir," replies the astute Southron, "there requires no coronet on your carriage to tell me you are a nobleman." We should think not. If the offer of a drag with four roans, highly bred, with black manes and tails, be not proof of nobility, will any cantankerous Yankee tell us what is? For our part, we hereby offer to furnish a coat of arms to any man at half the price.

As a reward for his nobility and his horses, Lothair is allowed to visit this distinguished lady, who, like the rest of them, lives in spacious and lofty chambers in Italian gardens and classic temples, and "warious games o' that sort." The distinguished lady receives him with serenity. It is worth while that she should be serene on the heap of stones whither she has been overset with so much dignity, but that she should be serene in her own lofty and spacious chamber seems a fact hardly worth mentioning, unless, indeed, these lofty and spacious ladies have a way of receiving their guests with hysteria or epilepsy. Not so Theodora. With her it is the old nursery rhyme, "I genteel lady, always genteel." In her Italian temples we meet another hero, athletic, though lithe and symmetrical, with a countenance aquiline but delicate, and of a remarkable radiancy, owing to many circumstances, but chiefly to the lustre of his complexion, the fire of his eye, and the profuse curls of his chestnut hair—perhaps partly also to his curved lip, and the scornful pride of his distended nostril, and the singular beauty of his mouth. And yet he rather pales his ineffectual fires before his wife, who is of extraordinary beauty, rich, glowing, with dark, fringed eyes of tremulous lustre, figure of striking and voluptuous symmetry, exquisite toilet, bouquet of white stove-flowers, voice as sweet as the stephanopolis, whatever that may be, and who turns out to be the Greek-emperor-girl's sister. Of course this makes a pair of them; and when they sweep by Lothair to the piano, it is like the passage of sultans to some kiosk on the Bosphorus—and so on and so on.

Lovely, is it not? One would think they would sometimes be almost tempted to import a Yankee or two into this radiant circle, just as a bit of desert is brought into landscape gardening. Where all are distinguished, mediocrity comes to be the only distinction.

And they behave so charmingly, these great-hearted gentlemen. Here is St. Aldegonde, for instance, who married the Duke's daughter—St. Aldegonde, tall, listless, and handsome, heir-apparent of the wealthiest dukedom in the United Kingdom. He is invited to dinner. He slouches into the room, his biographer tells us, with as uncouth and graceless a general mien as a handsome and naturally graceful man can contrive to present. He scowls, but stays, for he sees his friend Mr. Pinto there. He sits by Mr. Pinto at table, and hangs upon his accents with his back turned to his other neighbors. Hugh Bohun does the same. Every now and then St. Aldegonde breaks into a frightful shout, and Hugh Bohun titters immensely; but no one else knows what they are laughing at. Then St. Aldegonde throws himself back in his chair, and, talking to himself or the ceiling, exclaims, "Best thing I ever heard." The other guests feel snubbed, and frown; but his host counts himself amply compensated by the thought that all his guests will disperse, and tell the world that they have dined with him, and met St. Aldegonde, and the next day it will be in the papers. What does disturb him is that St. Aldegonde eats nothing. This listless and handsome gentleman, the crême de la crême of English society, sits with both elbows leaning on the table, and passes by every dish. In his distress the host sends his own valet to suggest to St. Aldegonde whether the side-table may not provide some relief. St. Aldegonde immediately declares for cold meat. Now, cold meat happens to be the only thing that the side-table does not provide. All the delicacies of the season are there; but nothing will satisfy St. Aldegonde but cold meat. And now, says this patrician youth, when cold meat is at length supplied him, "Now I shall begin my dinner."

The advance of civilization has been but slow in America, at least in North America, and we are confident that any guest of whatever degree who should deport himself thus at a Yankee dinner-table would owe solely to the presence of other guests the circumstance of not being conducted to the door and beyond it at the point of the boot. Very certain we are that he would never rest his elbows on the table a second time. But they do things differently in England.

The young gentleman to whose existence we are indebted for our introduction to this fearful and wonderful English society is an amiable person, whose main characteristic seems to be a disposition to agree with the last man and to fall in love with the last woman. The Protestants and the Catholics wage hot battle for the possession of his mind, body, and estate; and like the poor man of poetry, he is "now on this side, now on that;" when he is reduced to his last card, like the same poor man, "he tries to introduce a social chat," generally beginning in true Yankee fashion with "well." If he meets a young lady who is unmarried he yields to her charms, but he is not deterred from devotion by so slight a circumstance as marriage. The Protestant Duke's family is full of radiant daughters, between two of whom he sits enchanted. When they ask their pretty questions and make their sparkling remarks, roses seem to him to drop from their lips, and—here the Jewish blood doth utter forth a voice—and sometimes diamonds! They breakfast at half a dozen or more round tables, brilliant as a cluster of Greek or Italian republics, and Lothair is charmed. They ride—for it is a great riding family, the Brentham family—and all the ladies are fond and fine horsewomen, who vault on their barbs and genets with such airy majesty; they are absolutely overwhelming with their bewildering habits and their bewitching hats. They play croquet—for it is a great croquet family, the Brentham family—and the scene is equally brilliant. The marvelous lawn, the Duchess's Turkish tent with its rich hangings, and the players themselves with their coquettish hats, and their half-veiled and half-revealed under-raiment, scarlet and silver, or blue and gold, make up, says the delighted ex-Premier, a sparkling and—what? ye gods!—a sparkling and *a modish* scene!

Croquet finishes the business for Lothair. He gives in before a fortnight is out. He declares that there is no place in the world equal to Brentham. He is a Protestant. He proposes to devote his life to the extinction of pauperism, and asks for Lady Corisande's hand. Being refused, on account of his youth, by the Duchess mamma, he turns his back upon croquet and the dukedom and the extinction of pauperism, and begins to meditate on two great ideas—the reconciliation of Christendom, and the influence of architecture on religion—under the inspiration, it must be confessed, of Catholic Clare Arundel, a beautiful and brilliant and, let us add, well-dressed young woman, in whose society, his biographer informs us, he every day takes a strange and deeper interest. Time had passed very rapidly with Corisande. It begins immediately to pass rapidly with Clare, whose violet eyes prove as fascinating as Lady St. Jerome's lobster sandwiches. In short, he is irresistibly drawn to her. He believes that the counselor he needs is Miss Arundel. The two put their heads together—to say nothing of their hearts—and conclude that the salvation of the country and the restoration of true religion depend upon the building of a huge cathedral in Westminster. Unluckily, before the plans of the cathedral are matured Lothair is obliged to leave Vauxe. True, when he has quitted it a week it seems to him a year; but Lady Corisande heaves in sight again, and again she becomes to this gay Lothario irresistibly captivating, and we hear him sighing, "Delicious Brentham!" till Theodora is overset upon the heap of stones, when both Clare and Corisande quietly disappear, and Lothair gazes upon Theodora—Theodora, who affirms that she lives only for climate and the affections—Theodora, of such a countenance as he had read in Grecian dreams, in Corinthian temples, in fanes of Ephesus, in the radiant shadow of divine groves. Now is the air full of Theodora. Lothair is restless. Lothair sighs, shrinks from society, absents himself from dinners, takes long walks without purpose, and before a week is out falls into easy-chairs and reveries, with a hair-brush in each hand, conjuring up all that had passed since the wondrous morn when she appeared to him by the road-side until the last dark hour when they parted. (And ah! why could not life be ever passed at Belmont!) It is a little surprising that though Lothair is immensely disturbed by the appearance of Theodora's friend, he is in no wise put about by Theodora's husband. He is greatly relieved by finding that Theodora's friend has a wife, but seems to need no relief from the thought that Theodora is herself a wife. Perhaps we are to lay it to the account of his "sweet and innocent nature," or perhaps he may have been influenced by the fascinating costume of the lady, which is such, the discouraged Premier assures us, as no language can describe; or perhaps it was the soups which she gave him in delicate cups of Sevres china, or the wines in golden glass of Venice, or the ortolans—which in "Lothair" are but as the turkeys of New Hampshire or the shad of the Connecticut for multitude.

What would have come of it all it is difficult to surmise, had not a random shot—an "occasional bullet"—removed Theodora from the scene. "And now," she says, having sent away her too-complying husband to bring Lothair alone to her dying bed—"And now embrace me, for I wish that your spirit should be upon me as mine departs"—an arrangement to which her husband appears to have offered no objection. Hereupon Lothair repairs to the two Greek-imperial-sisters on the Ægean isle, and finds them highly attractive. Their extraordinary beauty and—we need not go through the list—all contribute to captivate him. He begins to feel happy, and to wish that his life might never change, when, suddenly, Prince Agathonides comes out and changes it—for Lothair bears, like the Turk, no brother near his throne—and he especially fears this Greek bearing gifts of pocket-handkerchiefs, choice scents, and fancy dogs to the fascinating sisters. Unable to cope with these fancy dogs, he leaves the isles of Greece and returns, like a bad penny, to Vauxe and Clare Arundel—observing that some of the happiest hours of his life have been spent at Vauxe; but Clare Arundel is about to take the veil, and "Then I have not a friend left in the world," exclaims the despairing and multifarious lover. He pronounces it barbarous and unwise, for Theodora's ghost has appeared to him and warned him against turning Catholic, and Miss Arundel in the flesh is no match for Theodora in the spirit. Having thus disencumbered himself—speaking after the manner of the Disraelites—of his opinion, he proceeds to walk in Lady Corisande's garden with Lady Corisande, and has the audacity to inform that young person that to one he has been constant, "in one [opinion] I am unchanged—and that is, my adoring love to you!"

The young person can not have been so well informed of Lothair's career as we, or she never would have turned pale—or, rather, she would have stopped at that. But, with her limited information, after turning pale and stopping, "she gently took his arm, and then she hid her face in his breast."

And then Lothair did what, we venture to say, no lover ever did before, either in or out of a novel:

"He soothed and sustained her agitated *frame*, and *sealed with an embrace her speechless form*. Then, with soft thoughts and softer words, clinging to him, he induced her to resume their stroll, which both of them now wished might assuredly be undisturbed."

Here we are forced to confess ourselves in 'wildering mazes lost. Soothing and sustaining an agitated frame seems a rather anatomical caress, and we can fancy Lady Corisande objecting, like Mr. Venus's inamorata, that she does not wish to regard herself, nor yet to be regarded, in that bony light; still, the language is not wholly incomprehensible; but how a form can be sealed, and how it can be sealed with an embrace, and how a form already speechless can need sealing, and why a form should be either speechless or speaking, are things never dreamed of in our philosophy. But we are not Southrons—we have no vast estates in the South. We are Yankees. And to whom did the soft thoughts and softer words belong? Did Corisande cling to Lothair with all this softness, or did Lothair use it to induce Corisande, like poor Joe, to move on? And, while we are about it, what, pray, are soft thoughts?

And this, with a strong infusion of Irish Fenianism and Italian revolution is "Lothair"—the work of an English scholar and statesman. Inscrutable are the ways of men. If it were the production of a Yankee, so that we were free to pronounce an opinion, we should say that with the exception of an occasional pithy and pungent sentence, it is dreamy, vapid, and flavorless to the last degree. We should say that this Yankee's hero was a milksop, was a stick, was all things wooden and insipid; that his men are saved from being puppets only by being snobs; that his women are almost without exception "matter too soft a lasting mark to bear, and best distinguished by black, brown, or fair;" that his style is at once stiff and slovenly; that his sarcasm has no merit but malice, and his praise no merit at all; that his love is without passion, his enthusiasm being absorbed in his millinery; that the story is rambling, incoherent, inartistic, and dull. In one word, we should assure our Yankee, with Yankee shrewdness, that his novel would not sell, and would do him small credit if it did sell; that he might possibly, with care and painstaking, write respectable essays, or keep a hotel, and would certainly do well in the dress-making or house-furnishing line; but that story-telling of such sort would prove his certain ruin in this world, and an extremely hazardous venture for the next.

But Mr. Disraeli is not a Yankee. Nor is there any thing in his book which should induce us to fasten upon him the opposing epithet. He is, however, an M. P., and was a Premier, and he has made a hundred thousand dollars by his book. We therefore die and give no sign.

THE LOVELY RIVERS AND LAKES OF MAINE.

Oh, the lovely rivers and lakes of Maine!
I am charm'd with their names, as my song will explain.
Aboriginal muses inspire my strain,
While I sing the bright rivers and lakes of Maine—
From Cupsuptac to Cheputmaticook,
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook—
'gamook, 'gamook,
Pohenegamook,
From Sagadahock to Pohenegamook.

For light serenading, the "Blue Moselle,"
"Bonnie Doon," and "Sweet Avon" may do very well:
But the rivers of Maine, in their wild solitudes,
Bring a thunderous sound from the depth of the woods:
The Aroostook and Chimmenticook,
The Chimpasaoc and Chinquassabamtook—
'bamtook, 'bamtook,
Chinquassabamtook,
The Chimpasaoc and Chinquassabamtook.

Behold! how they sparkle and flash in the sun!
The Mattewamkeag and the Mussungun;
The kingly Penobscot, the wild Woolastook,
Kennebec, Kennebago, and Sebasticook;
The pretty Presumpscut and gay Tulanbic;
The Ess'quilsagook and little Schoodic—
Schoodic, Schoodic,
The little Schoodic,
The Ess'quilsagook and little Schoodic.

Yes, yes, I prefer the bright rivers of Maine
To the Rhine or the Rhone, or the Saone or the Seine.
These may do for the cockney; but give me some nook
On the Ammonoosuc or the Wytopadlook,
On the Umsaskis or the Ripogenis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis—
'aquis, 'aquis,
The Piscataquis,
The Ripogenis or the Piscataquis.

"Away down South," the Cherokee
Has named his rivers the Tennessee,
The Chattahoochee and the Ocmulgee,
The Congaree and the Ohoopee;
But what are they, or the Frenchy Detroit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit—
'toquoit, 'toquoit,
The Wassatoquoit,
To the Passadumkeag or the Wassatoquoit?

Then turn to the beautiful lakes of Maine
(To the Sage of Auburn be given the strain,
The statesman whose genius and bright fancy makes
The earth's highest glories to shine in its lakes):
What lakes out of Maine can we place in the book
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook—
'omook, 'omook,
The Pangokomook,
With the Matagomon and the Pangokomook?

Lake Leman, or Como, what care I for them,
When Maine has the Moosehead and Pongokwahem,
And, sweet as the dews in the violet's kiss,
Wallahgosquegamook and Telesimis;
And when I can share in the fisherman's bunk,
On the Moosetuckmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk—
'amunk, 'amunk,
Or Mol'tunkamunk,
On the Moosetuckmaguntic or Mol'tunkamunk?

And Maine has the Eagle lakes, Cheappawgan,
And the little Sepic and the little Scapan,
The spreading Sebago, the Cangomgomoc,
The Millikonet and Motesinioc,
Caribou and the fair Apmonjenegamook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenebacook—
'acook, 'acook,
Wetokenebacook,
Oquassac and rare Wetokenebacook.

And there are the Pokeshine and Pat'quongomis;
And there is the pretty Coscomgonosis,
Romantic Umbagog and Pemadumook,
The Pemadumook and the old Chesuncook,
Sepois and Moosetuck; and take care not to miss
The Umbazookskus or the Sysladobsis—
'dobsis, 'dobsis,
The Sysladobsis,
The Umbazookskus or the Sysladobsis.

Oh! give me the rivers and lakes of Maine,
In her mountains or forests or fields of grain,
In the depth of the shade or the blaze of the sun,
The lakes of Schoodic and the Basconegun,
And the dear Waubasoos and the clear Aquessuc,
The Cosbosecontic and Millenkikuk—
'kikuk, 'kikuk,
The Millenkikuk,
The Cosbosecontic and Millenkikuk!

Geo. B. Wallis.

THE BRITISH CABINET.

The picture on the following page gives an interesting view of a session of the British Cabinet. One distinguished member of that body, Lord Clarendon, whose portrait appears in the composition, has died since the picture was engraved. The sessions of the Cabinet are secret, and of course the picture, with the exception that the room is faithfully portrayed and the heads are all accurate portraits, is purely an imaginative sketch. An air of profound political wisdom characterizes the assembled statesmen, and would impose even upon a republican observer if he failed to recall the witty saying of the Chancellor Oxenstiern: "My son, you have no idea with how little wisdom the world is governed." Even a British Cabinet may look much wiser than it is.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A "heated term" is theoretically limited to three days; practially, June disdained all ordinary bounds and restraints, and sweltered her life away in what might otherwise have proved an endless series of hot days! Seldom has any June been of such a melting disposition as the June of 1870 has shown herself. In New York city it was warmer on some days by twelve or fourteen degrees than it was in New Orleans, Key West, and other Southern cities. Many deaths occurred last week from sun-stroke, and those whose trade compelled them to be exposed to the scorching solar rays suffered severely.

In the midst of all the discomforts of the heat came an additional grievance—an ice panic. There was an increased demand for ice, and so the dealers thought they would increase their prices. Consequently many a poor thirsty mortal was forced to go without that luxury which is almost a necessity, in a heated term, ice-water. The high price now demanded for ice is a real misfortune to our citizens. It is said that there is really an abundant supply for all possible exigencies in the ice-houses. If this is so let us have more competition another year, more ice companies, or make artificial ice, or do something, so that we need not be at the mercy of any monopolists.

The taking of the census is beginning to develop curiosities. A nationalized German in one of the most densely populated districts in the Seventeenth Ward displayed a most profound ignorance in regard to geographical matters and to the country of his birth. On being asked if he was of American birth, he said: "Nein, nein; I beese a Pennsylvania Dutchman." Another sovereign of the soil also answered negatively the question as to his American birth-right, saying that he was born in Connecticut. A mulatto asserted that he was bred in Jamaica, West Indies, in the State of Long Island. Several old married couples have found it impossible to state when they became husbands and wives, and were not able to furnish information about how many sons and daughters they had who were alive, and how many who were dead, until after a good deal of reckoning. A woman in New Hampshire gave the census enumerator her age as thirty years, and insisted upon the truth of her statement when the officer expressed surprise. Soon after, the age of her youngest son was asked for, and stated to be twenty-six, while that of her eldest son was given at twenty-eight. However, she *might* have been only a step-mother!

A church sensation has arisen in Paris. An English family having a desire to see the Russian church in that city visited it, accompanied by a Russian lady. The pew opener, on learning that they were Protestants, turned them out with such violence that the ladies of the party nearly fainted. The Russian pope attached to the embassy attempted to explain this outrage by stating that he has not sufficient funds at his disposal to keep more than one pew opener. Otherwise the family in question would have been refused admittance at the door, as the church is kept up not to satisfy the curiosity of foreigners, but to provide for the spiritual wants of Russians. This explanation does not seem to have been very well received.

Every Monday morning the city newspapers chronicle a terrible list of fights, outrages, and murders, which seem to form a regular portion of the business of Sunday. The desperate affrays which mar holy time, and horrify the community, come as a direct consequence of a loose administration of the Excise Law, which prohibits the selling or giving away intoxicating liquors on Sunday and after twelve o'clock Saturday night. More violence is done Sunday than on any other day in the week.

A new fish story. A codfish lately caught off Portsmouth Harbor was found to contain a pint Champagne bottle in an entire state. A portion of the entrails of the fish were growing about two and a half inches in the mouth of the bottle. Various theories respecting this curiosity have been advanced. The old fishermen of the Piscataqua declared the fish must have taken the bottle from the bar at the mouth of the Merrimac.

The French Secretary of the Interior has communicated to the Academy of Science, in Paris, an interesting report concerning all the cases of hydrophobia which were brought to the knowledge of his employés from 1863 to 1869. In the departments of France from which statistics were obtained, three hundred and twenty persons were bitten by mad dogs. In one hundred and twenty-nine cases the biting was followed by hydrophobia; in one hundred and twenty-three cases the bitten persons suffered no evil consequence, and it was never made known what became of the remaining sixty-eight. Of all the remedies employed after a person was bitten by a mad dog, the burning of the wound proved the most efficacious. Of one hundred and thirty-four persons whose wounds were burned, ninety-two remained without evil consequences. The sucking of the wounds, or their treatment with ammonia immediately after the persons were bitten, proved salutary also in many cases; but cauterization was far the safest means of all. In every case, without any exception, where hydrophobia broke out, the patients died. The number of mad dogs was very nearly equally divided through the four seasons.

The *Journal of Chemistry* asserts that of sixteen popular hair tonics, washes, and restoratives recently examined, only one was free from lead. They owe their action to this substance, and consequently are highly dangerous to the health of persons using them. Enamels for the skin are composed of either carbonate of lime, oxide of zinc, or carbonate of lead suspended in water. The first two classes of enamels are as harmless as any other white dirt when plastered over the skin to close the pores and prevent its healthy action. On the other hand, the enamels composed of carbonate of lead are highly dangerous, and their use is very certain to produce disastrous results to those who patronize them.

The returns of the New York Custom-house during the past year for the importations of foreign human hair are much less than usual. We are sorry to say this is not because women are becoming more sensible, but is largely due to the immense amount of Indian jute which is sold instead of hair. The jute is marvelously cheap; but it is not unfrequently imperfectly cleansed, and will cause terrible diseases of the skin.

Various expedients may be adopted to preserve cut flowers a long while. Pure water, with a little salt or saltpetre in it, is recommended, and the water should be changed every day. A little camphor, cologne, or liquid ammonia will often revive flowers that have begun to fade. Charcoal saturated with water is a good medium in which to place the stems of flowers.

Judging from observation, if we had a city ordinance similar to what exists in Russia, our streets would be immaculately clean. If persons in Russia are found drunk and incapable in the public thoroughfares they are taken into custody, and condemned to work for a day at sweeping the streets; and well-dressed offenders are sometimes seen performing their task, broom in hand.

A certain missionary report states that "there are only two missionaries to twenty thousand cannibals," and calls for a "larger supply!" Is any body ready to volunteer?

The will of Charles Dickens is autographic. Having had his wishes put into legal form by his advisers, he copied the whole out with his own hand. The codicil which confers his property in *All the Year Round* upon his eldest son, acting editor, and which is dated only seven days before his death, practically insures the periodical being conducted on the same principles and with the same writers as heretofore.

A Saturday afternoon concert has been inaugurated in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, which has proved so much a success that it is believed it will become a permanent institution.

The Fourth of July having passed, it is rather late to bring up the matter, but really what is the use of making torpedoes which resemble sticks of candy, and explode when bitten by children? Some serious accidents have occurred. One little child, biting what she thought was candy, had her cheek severely injured.

A vagrant, recently arrested, protested that he had a regular trade—namely, smoking glasses for total eclipses of the sun.

The time is rapidly approaching when railroad trains will fly with lightning speed from one end of our continent to the other, without even stopping to "take a drink on the way. A novel method of supplying locomotives with water, which has been in use for some time in England, is about to be introduced into our country. The Hudson River Railroad Company have already made successful experiments. At Montrose Station, near Peekskill, there was constructed in the centre of the track a trough, 1200 feet in length, fifteen inches in depth, and eighteen inches wide. This was lined with sheet-iron, heavily painted. The trough is perfectly straight, will hold 16,000 gallons of water, and is fed by a couple of springs. A locomotive was also fitted up with an ingeniously constructed pipe, connecting with the tender, and having a nozzle which can be instantaneously dropped into the water, while the train is running thirty miles an hour. When the first experiment was made the water rushed with a roar into the tender, filling it to the complete satisfaction of all concerned.

An amusing little incident occurred during the registration of votes in Petersburg, Virginia, not long since. An aged colored man came up to the place upon crutches, and apparently with great difficulty. The prescribed formula, "How old are you?" was asked, when the old man was thrown into much perplexity. Recovering himself, however, he muttered in an under-tone, which was overheard:

"Well, how ole is my ole massa?"

It so happened that a gentleman was standing by, well acquainted with him, who promptly answered:

"Your old master is about fifty-five years of age."

"Well, how ole is ole missus?"

"She is about forty-five years old."

"An' Miss Sally?"

"Thirty-five, perhaps, next fall."

"An' young missus?"

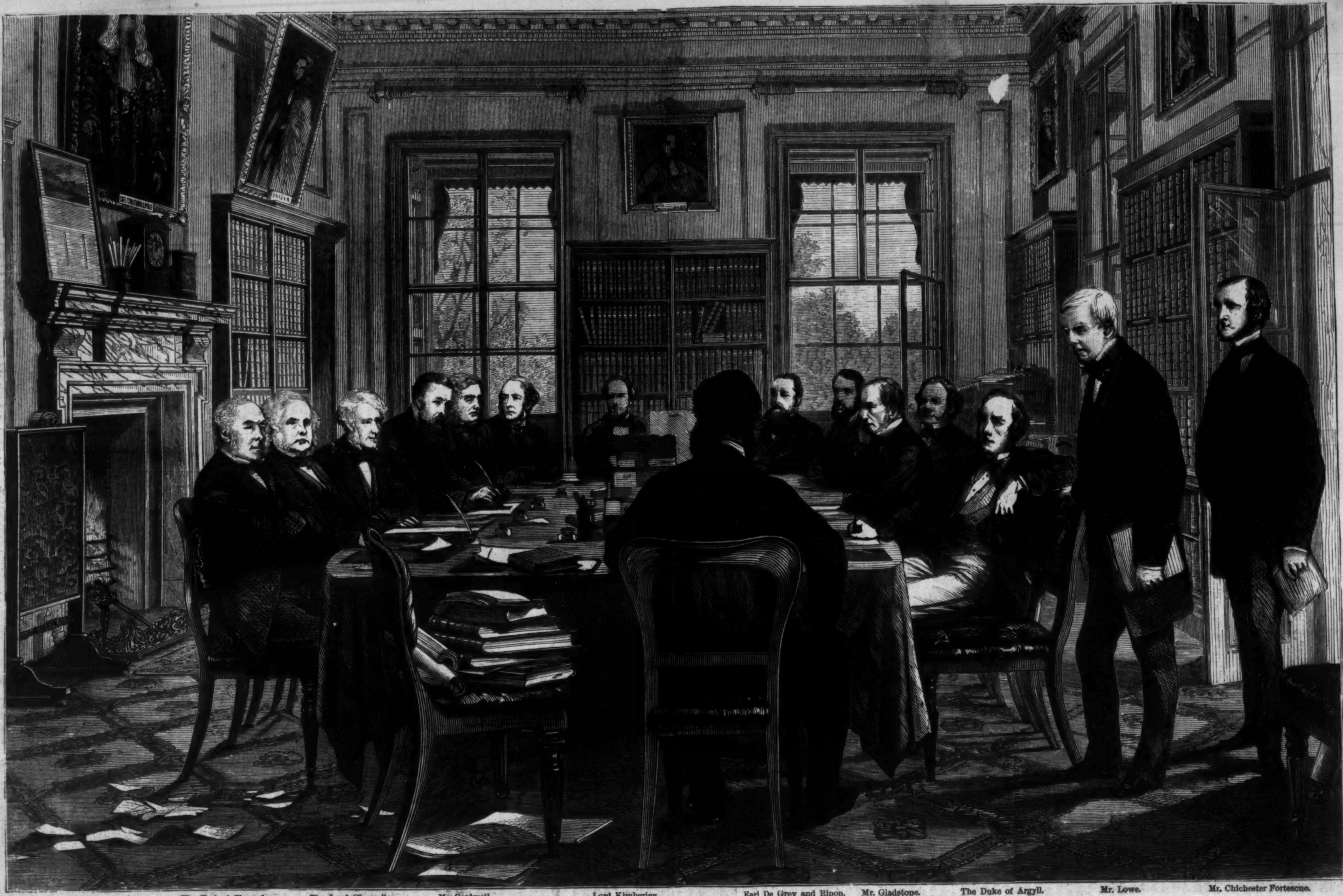
"Nineteen this coming August."

"Well, I'se older den all put togedder, for I knows when dey all was born."

While the inspector on a train bound east from Kansas City was testing the car wheels at Jefferson City, Missouri, he discovered a boy under one of the cars, who had concealed himself there all the way from Kansas City. He had formed a sort of net of rope, in which he lay suspended like a spider in its web, between the axle of one of the trucks and the floor of the car. The boy was routed out of his place, and quite a crowd gathered about him on the platform. He was disposed to be saucy, and stated that he had ridden in this way thousands of miles. As the train was moving off slowly from Jefferson City the boy got in his old place again under the car while it was in motion. The conductor was notified, and stopped the train. The boy was hauled out from his lurking-place, and taking up a stone, was in the act of hurling it at the conductor, when the latter knocked him down.

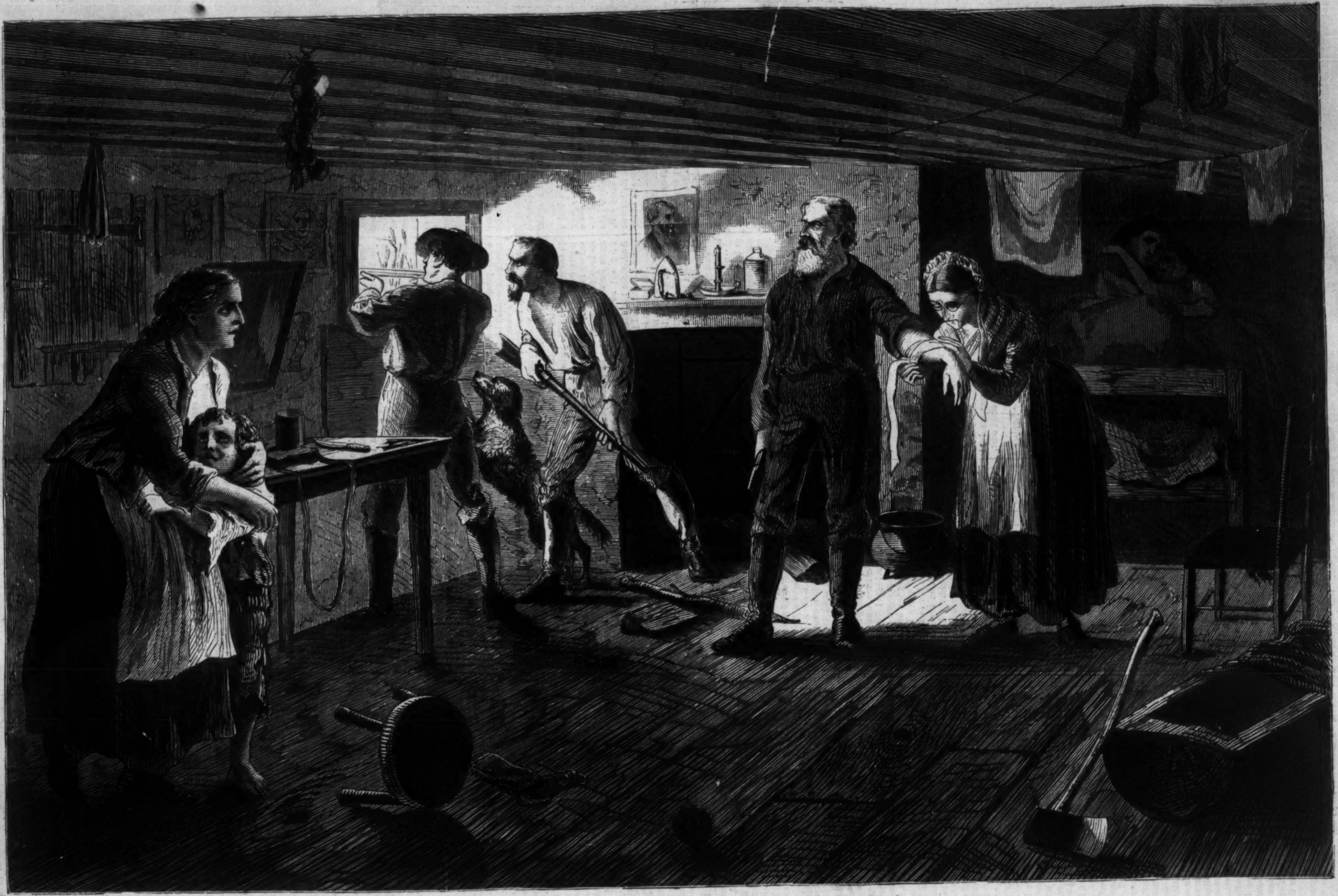
What a burning satisfaction some people take this warm weather in watching their thermometer, and boasting that it has gone up a little higher than their neighbor's! Every degree that it rises they feel themselves to be a little hotter, fan themselves more, and complain louder. It comforts them to groan over their discomfort, if only the mercury will warrant it. The truth is that half the world—the lazy half, we mean—would not feel the heat so much if, when the thermometer ranges among the nineties, they should, by some magic, see it to be only among the seventies. Imagination has a wonderfully heating or cooling influence!

The Board of Directors at the Ecole de Medicine, Paris, have conferred a diploma upon Miss Elizabeth Garrett. In her thesis she treated the subject of "headache" so brilliantly that she obtained this honor.



The Earl of Clarendon.
Mr. John Bright.
The Lord Chancellor.
Mr. Cardwell.
Mr. Childers.
Mr. Bruce.
Lord Kimberley.
Mr. Goschen.
Earl De Grey and Ripon.
Lord Hartington.
Mr. Gladstone.
Earl Granville.
The Duke of Argyll.
Mr. Lowe.
Mr. Chichester Fortescue.

THE BRITISH CABINET IN SESSION.—[SEE PAGE 455.]



SETTLERS ATTACKED BY INDIANS.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See First Page.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

1.

"MY Confession: To be put into my coffin; and to be buried with me when I die.

"This is the history of what I did in the time of my married life. Here—known to no other mortal creature, confessed to my Creator alone—is the truth.

"At the great day of the Resurrection, we shall all rise again in our bodies as we have lived. When I am called before the Judgment Seat I shall have this in my hand.

"Oh, just and merciful Judge, Thou knowest what I have suffered. My trust is in Thee.

2.

"I am the eldest of a large family, born of pious parents. We belonged to the congregation of the Primitive Methodists.

"My sisters were all married before me. I remained for some years the only one at home. At the latter part of the time my mother's health failed; and I managed the house in her place. Our spiritual pastor, good Mr. Bapchild, used often to dine with us, on Sundays, between the services. He approved of my management of the house, and, in particular, of my cooking. This was not pleasant to my mother, who felt a jealousy of my being, as it were, set over her in her place. My unhappiness at home began in this way. My mother's temper got worse as her health got worse. My father was much away from us, traveling for his business. I had to bear it all. About this time I began to think it would be well for me if I could marry as my sisters had done; and have good Mr. Bapchild to dinner, between the services, in a house of my own.

"In this frame of mind I made acquaintance with a young man who attended service at our chapel.

"His name was Joel Dethridge. He had a beautiful voice. When we sang hymns, he sang off the same book with me. By trade he was a paper-hanger. We had much serious talk together. I walked with him on Sundays. He was a good ten years younger than I was; and, being only a journeyman, his worldly station was below mine. My mother found out the liking that had grown up between us. She told my father the next time he was at home. Also my married sisters and my brothers. They all joined together to stop things from going further between me and Joel Dethridge. I had a hard time of it. Mr. Bapchild expressed himself as feeling much grieved at the turn things were taking. He introduced me into a sermon—not by name, but I knew who it was meant for. Perhaps I might have given way if they had not done one thing. They made inquiries of my young man's enemies, and brought wicked stories of him to me behind his back. This, after we had sung off the same hymn-book, and walked together, and agreed one with the other on religious subjects, was too much to bear. I was of age to judge for myself. And I married Joel Dethridge.

3.

"My relations all turned their backs on me. Not one of them was present at my marriage; my brother Reuben, in particular, who led the rest, saying that they had done with me from that time forth. Mr. Bapchild was much moved; he shed tears, and said he would pray for me.

"I was married in London by a pastor who was a stranger; and we settled in London with fair prospects. I had a little fortune of my own—my share of some money left to us girls by our aunt Hester, whom I was named after. It was three hundred pounds. Nearly one hundred of this I spent in buying furniture to fit up the little house we took to live in. The rest I gave to my husband to put into the bank against the time when he wanted it to set up in business for himself.

"For three months, more or less, we got on nicely—except in one particular. My husband never stirred in the matter of starting in business for himself.

"He was once or twice cross with me when I said it seemed a pity to be spending the money in the bank (which might be afterward wanted) instead of earning more in business. Good Mr. Bapchild, happening about this time to be in London, staid over Sunday, and came to dine with us between the services. He had tried to make my peace with my relations—but he had not succeeded. At my request he spoke to my husband about the necessity of exerting himself. My husband took it ill. I then saw him seriously out of temper for the first time. Good Mr. Bapchild said no more. He appeared to be alarmed at what had happened; and he took his leave early.

"Shortly afterward my husband went out. I got tea ready for him—but he never came back. I got supper ready for him—but he never came back. It was past twelve at night before I saw him again. I was very much startled by the state he came home in. He didn't speak like himself, or look like himself: he didn't seem to know me—wandered in his mind, and fell all in a lump like on our bed. I ran out and fetched the doctor to him.

"The doctor pulled him up to the light, and looked at him; smelled his breath, and dropped him down again on the bed; turned about, and stared at me. 'What's the matter, Sir?' I says. 'Do you mean to tell me you don't know?' says the doctor. 'No, Sir,' says I. 'Why what sort of a woman are you,' says he, 'not to know a drunken man when you see him!' With that he went away, and left me standing by the bedside, all in a tremble from head to foot.

"This was how I first found out that I was the wife of a drunken man.

4.

"I have omitted to say any thing about my husband's family.

"While we were keeping company together he told me he was an orphan—with an uncle and aunt in Canada, and an only brother settled in Scotland. Before we were married he gave me a letter from this brother. It was to say that he was sorry he was not able to come to England, and be present at my marriage, and to wish me joy and the rest of it. Good Mr. Bapchild (to whom, in my distress, I wrote word privately of what had happened) wrote back in return, telling me to wait a little, and see whether my husband did it again.

"I had not long to wait. He was in liquor again the next day, and the next. Hearing this, Mr. Bapchild instructed me to send him the letter from my husband's brother. He reminded me of some of the stories about my husband, which I had refused to believe in the time before I was married; and he said it might be well to make inquiries.

"The end of the inquiries was this. The brother, at that very time, was placed privately (by his own request) under a doctor's care to get broken of habits of drinking. The craving for strong liquor (the doctor wrote) was in the family. They would be sober sometimes for months together, drinking nothing stronger than tea. Then the fit would seize them; and they would drink, drink, drink, for days together, like the mad and miserable wretches that they were.

"This was the husband I was married to. And I had offended all my relations, and estranged them from me, for his sake. Here was surely a sad prospect for a woman after only a few months of wedded life!

"In a year's time the money in the bank was gone; and my husband was out of employment. He always got work—being a first-rate hand when he was sober—and always lost it again when the drinking-fit seized him. I was loth to leave our nice little house, and part with my pretty furniture; and I proposed to him to let me try for employment, by the day, as cook, and so keep things going while he was looking out again for work. He was sober and penitent at the time; and he agreed to what I proposed. And, more than that, he took the Total Abstinence Pledge, and promised to turn over a new leaf. Matters, as I thought, began to look fairly again. We had nobody but our two selves to think of. I had borne no child, and had no prospect of bearing one. Unlike most women, I thought this a mercy instead of a misfortune. In my situation (as I soon grew to know) my becoming a mother would only have proved to be an aggravation of my hard lot.

"The sort of employment I wanted was not to be got in a day. Good Mr. Bapchild gave me a character; and our landlord, a worthy man (belonging, I am sorry to say, to the Popish Church), spoke for me to the steward of a club. Still, it took time to persuade people that I was the thorough good cook I claimed to be. Nigh on a fortnight had passed before I got the chance I had been looking out for. I went home in good spirits (for me) to report what had happened, and found the brokers in the house carrying off the furniture which I had bought with my own money for sale by auction. I asked them how they dared touch it without my leave. They answered, civilly enough I must own, that they were acting under my husband's orders; and they went on removing it, before my own eyes, to the cart outside. I ran up stairs, and found my husband on the landing. He was in liquor again. It is useless to say what passed between us. I shall only mention that this was the first occasion on which he lifted his fist, and struck me.

5.

"Having a spirit of my own, I was resolved not to endure it. I ran out to the Police Court, hard by.

"My money had not only bought the furniture—it had kept the house going as well; paying the taxes which the Queen and the Parliament asked for among other things. I now went to the magistrate to see what the Queen and the Parliament, in return for the taxes, would do for *me*.

"'Is your furniture settled on yourself?' he says, when I told him what had happened.

"I didn't understand what he meant. He turned to some person who was sitting on the bench with him. 'This is a hard case,' he says. 'Poor people in this condition of life don't even know what a marriage settlement means. And, if they did, how many of them could afford to pay the lawyer's charges?' Upon that he turned to me. 'Yours is a common case,' he said. 'In the present state of the law I can do nothing for you.'

"It was impossible to believe that. Common or not, I put my case to him over again.

"'I have bought the furniture with my own money, Sir,' I says. 'It's mine, honestly come by, with bill and receipt to prove it. They are taking it away from me by force, to sell it against my will. Don't tell me that's the law. This is a Christian country. It can't be.'

"'My good creature,' says he, 'you are a married woman. The law doesn't allow a married woman to call any thing her own—unless she has previously (with a lawyer's help) made a bargain to that effect with her husband before marrying him. You have made no bargain. Your husband has a right to sell your furniture if he likes. I am sorry for you; I can't hinder him.'

"I was obstinate about it. 'Please to answer me this, Sir,' I says. 'I've been told by wiser heads than mine that we all pay our taxes to keep the Queen and the Parliament going; and that the Queen and the Parliament make laws to protect us in return. I have paid my taxes. Why, if you please, is there no law to protect me in return?'

"'I can't enter into that,' says he. 'I must take the law as I find it; and so must you. I see a mark there on the side of your face. Has your husband been beating you? If he has, summon him here. I can punish him for *that.*'

"'How can you punish him, Sir?' says I.

"'I can fine him,' says he. 'Or I can send him to prison.'

"'As to the fine,' says I, 'he can pay that out of the money he gets by selling my furniture. As to the prison, while he's in it, what's to become of me, with my money spent by him, and my possessions gone; and when he's *out* of it, what's to become of me again, with a husband whom I have been the means of punishing, and who comes home to his wife knowing it? It's bad enough as it is, Sir,' says I. 'There's more that's bruised in me than what shows in my face. I wish you good-morning.'

6.

"When I got back the furniture was gone, and my husband was gone. There was nobody but the landlord in the empty house. He said all that could be said—kindly enough toward me, so far as I was concerned. When he was gone I locked my trunk, and got away in a cab after dark, and found a lodging to lay my head in. If ever there was a lonely, broken-hearted creature in the world, I was that creature that night.

"There was but one chance of earning my bread—to go to the employment offered me (under a man cook, at a club). And there was but one hope—the hope that I had lost sight of my husband forever.

"I went to my work—and prospered in it—and earned my first quarter's wages. But it's not good for a woman to be situated as I was; friendless and alone, with her things that she took a pride in sold away from her, and with nothing to look forward to in her life to come. I was regular in my attendance at chapel; but I think my heart began to get hardened, and my mind to be overcast in secret with its own thoughts about this time. There was a change coming. Two or three days after I had earned the wages just mentioned my husband found me out. The furniture-money was all spent. He made a disturbance at the club. I was only able to quiet him by giving him all the money I could spare from my own necessities. The scandal was brought before the committee. They said, if the circumstance occurred again, they should be obliged to part with me. In a fortnight the circumstance occurred again. It's useless to dwell on it. They all said they were sorry for me. I lost the place. My husband went back with me to my lodgings. The next morning I caught him taking my purse, with the few shillings I had in it, out of my trunk, which he had broken open. We quarreled. And he struck me again—this time knocking me down.

"I went once more to the police court, and told my story—to another magistrate this time. My only petition was to have my husband kept away from me. 'I don't want to be a burden on others' (I says); 'I don't want to do any thing but what's right. I don't even complain of having been very cruelly used. All I ask is to be let to earn an honest living. Will the law protect me in the effort to do that?'

"The answer, in substance, was that the law might protect me, provided I had money to spend in asking some higher court to grant me a separation. After allowing my husband to rob me openly of the only property I possessed—namely, my furniture—the law turned round on me when I called upon it in my distress, and held out its hand to be paid. I had just three and sixpence left in the world—and the prospect, if I earned more, of my husband coming (with permission of the law) and taking it away from me. There was only one chance—namely, to get time to turn round in, and to escape him again. I got a month's freedom from him, by charging him with knocking me down. The magistrate (happening to be young, and new to his business) sent him to prison, instead of fining him. This gave me time to get a character from the club, as well as a special testimonial from good Mr. Bapchild. With the help of these, I obtained a place in a private family—a place in the country, this time.

"I found myself now in a haven of peace. I was among worthy kind-hearted people, who felt for my distresses, and treated me most indulgently. Indeed, through all my troubles, I must say I have found one thing hold good. In my experience, I have observed that people are oftener quick than not to feel a human compassion for others in distress. Also, that they mostly see plain enough what's hard and cruel and unfair on them in the governing of the country which they help to keep going. But once ask them to get on from sitting down and grumbling about it, to rising up and setting it right, and what do you find them? As helpless as a flock of sheep—that's what you find them.

"More than six months passed, and I saved a little money again.

"One night, just as we were going to bed, there was a loud ring at the bell. The footman answered the door—and I heard my husband's voice in the hall. He had traced me, with the help of a man he knew in the police; and he had come to claim his rights. I offered him all the little money I had, to let me be. My good master spoke to him. It was all useless. He was obstinate and savage. If—instead of my running off from him—it had been all the other way, and he had run off from me, something might have been done (as I understood) to protect me. But he stuck to his wife. As long as I could make a farthing, he stuck to his wife. Being married to him, I had no right to have left him; I was bound to go with my husband; there was no escape for me. I bade them good-by. And I have never forgotten their kindness to me from that day to this.

"My husband took me back to London.

"As long as the money lasted, the drinking went on. When it was gone, I was beaten again. Where was the remedy? There was no remedy, but to try and escape him once more. Why didn't I have him locked up? What was the the good of having him locked up? In a few weeks he would be out of prison; sober and penitent, and promising amendment—and then when the fit took him, there he would be, the same furious savage that he had been often and often before. My heart got hard under the hopelessness of it; and dark thoughts beset me, mostly at night. About this time I began to say to myself, 'There's no deliverance from this, but in death—his death or mine.'

"Once or twice I went down to the bridges after dark, and looked over at the river. No. I wasn't the sort of woman who ends her own wretchedness in that way. Your blood must be in a fever, and your head in a flame—at least I fancy so—you must be hurried into it, like, to go and make away with yourself. My troubles never took that effect on me. I always turned cold under them, instead of hot. Bad for me, I dare say; but what you are—you are. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?

"I got away from him once more, and found good employment once more. It don't matter how; and it don't matter where. My story is always the same thing, over and over again. Best get to the end.

"There was one change, however, this time. My employment was not in a private family. I was also allowed to teach cookery to young women, in my leisure hours. What with this, and what with a longer time passing on the present occasion before my husband found me out, I was as comfortably off as in my position I could hope to be. When my work was done, I went away at night to sleep in a lodging of my own. It was only a bedroom; and I furnished it myself—partly for the sake of economy (the rent being not half as much as for a furnished room); and partly for the sake of cleanliness. Through all my troubles I always liked things neat about me—neat and shapely and good.

"Well, it's needless to say how it ended. He found me out again—this time by a chance-meeting with me in the street.

"He was in rags, and half starved. But that didn't matter now. All he had to do was to put his hand into my pocket and take what he wanted. There is no limit, in England, to what a bad husband may do—as long as he sticks to his wife. On the present occasion, he was cunning enough to see that he would be the loser if he disturbed me in my employment. For a while things went on as smoothly as they could. I made a pretense that the work was harder than usual; and I got leave (loathing the sight of him, I honestly own) to sleep at the place where I was employed. This was not for long. The fit took him again, in due course; and he came and made a disturbance. As before, this was not to be borne by decent people. As before, they were sorry to part with me. As before, I lost my place.

"Another woman would have gone mad under it. I fancy it just missed, by a hair's breadth, maddening Me.

"When I looked at him that night, deep in his drunken sleep, I thought of Jael and Sisera (see the book of Judges; chapter 4th; verses 17 to 21). It says, she 'took a nail of the tent, and took a hammer in her hand, and went softly unto him, and smote the nail into his temples, and fastened it into the ground: for he was fast asleep and weary. So he died.' She did this deed to deliver her nation from Sisera. If there had been a hammer and a nail in the room that night, I think I should have been Jael—with this difference, that I should have done it to deliver myself.

"With the morning this passed off, for the time. I went and spoke to a lawyer.

"Most people, in my place, would have had enough of the law already. But I was one of the sort who drain the cup to the dregs. What I said to him was, in substance, this. 'I come to ask your advice about a madman. Mad people, as I understand it, are people who have lost control over their own minds. Sometimes this leads them to entertaining delusions; and sometimes it leads them to committing actions hurtful to others or to themselves. My husband has lost all control over his own craving for strong drink. He requires to be kept from liquor, as other madmen require to be kept from attempting their own lives, or the lives of those about them. It's a frenzy beyond his own control, with *him*—just as it's a frenzy beyond their own control, with *them*. There are Asylums for mad people, all over the country, at the public disposal, on certain conditions. If I fulfill those conditions, will the law deliver me from the misery of being married to a madman, whose madness is drink?'—'No,' says the lawyer. 'The law of England declines to consider an incurable drunkard as a fit object for restraint; the law of England leaves the husbands and wives of such people in a perfectly helpless situation, to deal with their own misery as they best can.'

"I made my acknowledgments to the gentleman and left him. The last chance was this chance—and this had failed me.

8.

"The thought that had once found its way into my mind already, now found its way back again; and never altogether left me from that time forth. No deliverance for me but in death—his death, or mine.

"I had it before me night and day; in chapel and out of chapel just the same. I read the story of Jael and Sisera so often that the Bible got to open of itself at that place.

"The laws of my country, which ought to have protected me as an honest woman, left me helpless. In place of the laws I had no friend near to open my heart to. I was shut up in myself. And I was married to that man. Consider me as a human creature, and say, Was this not trying my humanity very hardly?

"I wrote to good Mr. Bapchild. Not going into particulars; only telling him I was beset by temptation, and begging him to come and help me. He was confined to his bed by illness; he could only write me a letter of good advice. To profit by good advice people must have a glimpse of happiness to look forward to as a reward for exerting themselves. Religion itself is obliged to hold out a reward, and to say to us poor mortals, Be good, and you shall go to Heaven. I had no glimpse of happiness. I was thankful (in a dull sort of way) to good Mr. Bapchild—and there it ended.

"The time had been when a word from my old pastor would have put me in the right way again. I began to feel scared by myself. If the next ill usage I received from Joel Dethridge found me an unchanged woman, it was borne in strongly on my mind that I should be as likely as not to get my deliverance from him by my own hand.

"Goaded to it, by the fear of this, I humbled myself before my relations for the first time. I wrote to beg their pardon; to own that they had proved to be right in their opinion of my husband; and to entreat them to be friends with me again, so far as to let me visit them from time to time. My notion was, that it might soften my heart if I could see the old place, and talk the old talk, and look again at the well-remembered faces. I am almost ashamed to own it—but, if I had had any thing to give, I would have parted with it all, to be allowed to go back into mother's kitchen and cook the Sunday dinner for them once more.

"But this was not to be. Not long before my letter was received mother had died. They laid it all at my door. She had been ailing for years past, and the doctors had said it was hopeless from the first—but they laid it all at my door. One of my sisters wrote to say that much, in as few words as could possibly suffice for saying it. My father never answered my letter at all.

9.

"Magistrates and lawyers; relations and friends; endurance of injuries, patience, hope, and honest work—I had tried all these, and tried them vainly. Look round me where I might, the prospect was closed on all sides.

"At this time my husband had got a little work to do. He came home out of temper one night, and I gave him a warning. 'Don't try me too far, Joel, for your own sake,' was all I said. It was one of his sober days; and, for the first time, a word from me seemed to have an effect on him. He looked hard at me for a minute or so. And then he went and sat down in a corner, and held his peace.

"This was on a Tuesday in the week. On the Saturday he got paid, and the drinking fit took him again.

"On Friday in the next week I happened to come back late—having had a good stroke of work to do that day, in the way of cooking a public dinner for a tavern-keeper who knew me. I found my husband gone, and the bedroom stripped of the furniture which I had put into it. For the second time he had robbed me of my own property, and had turned it into money to be spent in drink.

"I didn't say a word. I stood and looked round the empty room. What was going on in me I hardly knew myself at the time, and can't describe now. All I remember is, that, after a little, I turned about to leave the house. I knew the places where my husband was likely to be found; and the devil possessed me to go and find him. The landlady came out into the passage and tried to stop me. She was a bigger and a stronger woman than I was. But I shook her off like a child. Thinking over it now, I believe she was in no condition to put out her strength. The sight of me frightened her.

"I found him. I said—well, I said what a woman beside herself with fury would be likely to say. It's needless to tell how it ended. He knocked me down.

"After that, there is a spot of darkness like in my memory. The next thing I can call to mind, is coming back to my senses after some days. Three of my teeth were knocked out—but that was not the worst of it. My head had struck against something in falling, and some part of me (a nerve, I think they said) was injured in such a way as to affect my speech. I don't mean that I was downright dumb—I only mean that, all of a sudden, it had become a labor to me to speak. A long word was as serious an obstacle as if I was a child again. They took me to the hospital. When the medical gentlemen heard what it was, the medical gentlemen came crowding round me. I appeared to lay hold of their interest, just as a story-book lays hold of the interest of other people. The upshot of it was, that I might end in being dumb, or I might get my speech again—the chances were about equal. Only two things were needful. One of them was that I should live on good nourishing diet. The other was, that I should keep my mind easy.

"About the diet it was not possible to decide. My getting good nourishing food and drink depended on my getting money to buy the same. As to my mind, there was no difficulty about *that*. If my husband came back to me, my mind was made up to kill him.

"Horrid—I am well aware this is horrid. Nobody else, in my place, would have ended as wickedly as that. All the other women in the world, tried as I was, would have risen superior to the trial.

10.

"I have said that people (excepting my husband and my relations) were almost always good to me.

"The landlord of the house which we had taken when we were married heard of my sad case. He gave me one of his empty houses to look after, and a little weekly allowance for doing it. Some of the furniture in the upper rooms, not being wanted by the last tenant, was left to be taken at a valuation if the next tenant needed it. Two of the servants' bedrooms (in the attics), one next to the other, had all that was wanted in them. So I had a roof to cover me, and a choice of beds to lie on, and money to get me food. All well again—but all too late. If that house could speak, what tales that house would have to tell of me!

"I had been told by the doctors to exercise my speech. Being all alone, with nobody to speak to, except when the landlord dropped in, or when the servant next door said, 'Nice day, ain't it?' or, 'Don't you feel lonely?' or such like, I bought the newspaper, and read it out loud to myself to exercise my speech in that way. One day I came upon a bit about the wives of drunken husbands. It was a report of something said on that subject by a London coroner, who had held inquests on dead husbands (in the lower ranks of life), and who had his reasons for suspecting the wives. Examination of the body (he said) didn't prove it; and witnesses didn't prove it; but he thought it, nevertheless, quite possible, in some cases, that, when the woman could bear it no longer, she sometimes took a damp towel, and waited till the husband (drugged with his own liquor) was sunk in his sleep, and then put the towel over his nose and mouth, and ended it that way without any body being the wiser. I laid down the newspaper, and fell into thinking. My mind was, by this time, in a prophetic way. I said to myself, 'I haven't happened on this for nothing: this means that I shall see my husband again.'

"It was then just after my dinner-time—two o'clock. That same night, at the moment when I had put out my candle, and laid me down in bed, I heard a knock at the street door. Before I had lit my candle I says to myself, 'Here he is.'

"I huddled on a few things, and struck a light, and went down stairs. I called out through the door, 'Who's there?' And his voice answered, 'Let me in.'

"I sat down on a chair in the passage, and shook all over like a person struck with palsy. Not from the fear of him—but from my mind being in the prophetic way. I knew I was going to be driven to it at last. Try as I might to keep from doing it, my mind told me I was to do it now. I sat shaking on the chair in the passage; I on one side of the door, and he on the other.

"He knocked again, and again, and again. I knew it was useless to try—and yet I resolved to try. I determined not to let him in till I was forced to it. I determined to let him alarm the neighborhood, and to see if the neighborhood would step between us. I went up stairs and waited at the open staircase window over the door.

"The policeman came up, and the neighbors came out. They were all for giving him into custody. The policeman laid hands on him. He had but one word to say; he had only to point up to me at the window, and to tell them I was his wife. The neighbors went indoors again. The policeman dropped hold of his arm. It was I who was in the wrong, and not he. I was bound to let my husband in. I went down stairs again, and let him in.

"Nothing passed between us that night. I threw open the door of the bedroom next to mine, and went and locked myself into my own room. He was dead beat with roaming the streets, without a penny in his pocket, all day long. The bed to lie on was all he wanted for that night.

"The next morning I tried again—tried to turn back on the way that I was doomed to go; knowing beforehand that it would be of no use. I offered him three parts of my poor weekly earnings, to be paid to him regularly at the landlord's office, if he would only keep away from me, and from the house. He laughed in my face. As my husband, he could take all my earnings if he chose. And as for leaving the house, the house offered him free quarters to live in as long as I was employed to look after it. The landlord couldn't part man and wife.

"I said no more. Later in the day the landlord came. He said if we could make it out to live together peaceably he had neither the right nor the wish to interfere. If we made any disturbances, then he should be obliged to provide himself with some other woman to look after the house. I had nowhere else to go, and no other employment to undertake. If, in spite of that, I had put on my bonnet and walked out, my husband would have walked out after me. And all decent people would have patted him on the back, and said, 'Quite right, good man—quite right.'

"So there he was by his own act, and with the approval of others, in the same house with me.

"I made no remark to him or to the landlord. Nothing roused me now. I knew what was coming; I waited for the end. There was some change visible in me to others, as I suppose, though not noticeable by myself, which first surprised my husband and then daunted him. When the next night came I heard him lock the door softly in his own room. It didn't matter to me. When the time was ripe ten thousand locks wouldn't lock out what was to come.

"The next day, bringing my weekly payment, brought me a step nearer on the way to the end. Getting the money, he could get the drink. This time he began cunningly—in other words, he began his drinking by slow degrees. The landlord (bent, honest man, on trying to keep the peace between us) had given him some odd jobs to do, in the way of small repairs, here and there about the house. 'You owe this,' he says, 'to my desire to do a good turn to your poor wife. I am helping you for her sake. Show yourself worthy to be helped, if you can.'

"He said, as usual, that he was going to turn over a new leaf. Too late! The time had gone by. He was doomed, and I was doomed. It didn't matter what he said now. It didn't matter when he locked his door again the last thing at night.

"The next day was Sunday. Nothing happened. I went to chapel. Mere habit. It did me no good. He got on a little with the drinking—but still cunningly, by slow degrees. I knew by experience that this meant a long fit, and a bad one, to come.

"Monday, there were the odd jobs about the house to be begun. He was by this time just sober enough to do his work, and just tipsy enough to take a spiteful pleasure in persecuting his wife. He went out and got the things he wanted, and came back and called for me. A skilled workman like he was (he said) wanted a journeyman under him. There were things which it was beneath a skilled workman to do for himself. He was not going to call in a man or a boy, and then have to pay them. He was going to get it done for nothing, and he meant to make a journeyman of *me*. Half tipsy and half sober, he went on talking like that, and laying out his things, all quite right, as he wanted them. When they were ready he straightened himself up, and he gave me his orders what I was to do.

"I obeyed him to the best of my ability. Whatever he said, and whatever he did, I knew he was going as straight as man could go to his own death by my hands.

"The rats and mice were all over the house, and the place generally was out of repair. He ought to have begun on the kitchen-floor; but (having sentence pronounced against him) he began in the empty parlors on the ground-floor.

"These parlors were separated by what is called a 'lath-and-plaster wall.' The rats had damaged it. At one part they had gnawed through and spoiled the paper; at another part they had not got so far. The landlord's orders were to spare the paper, because he had some by him to match it. My husband began at a place where the paper was whole. Under his directions I mixed up—I won't say what. With the help of it he got the paper loose from the wall, without injuring it in any way, in a long, hanging strip. Under it was the plaster and the laths, gnawed away in places by the rats. Though strictly a paper-hanger by trade, he could be plasterer too when he liked. I saw how he cut away the rotten laths and ripped off the plaster; and (under his directions again) I mixed up the new plaster he wanted, and handed him the new laths, and saw how he set them. I won't say a word about how this was done either.

"I have a reason for keeping silence here, which is, to my mind, a very dreadful one. In every thing that my husband made me do that day he was showing me (blindfold) the way to kill him, so that no living soul, in the police or out of it, could suspect me of the deed.

GERMAN STUDENTS.

The illustration on page 460 will give our readers a very fair idea of the interior of a Heidelberg students' club-room or Kneip. It is generally furnished with plain wooden benches or tables, substantial chairs, and the walls, as in the illustration, are hung with original sketches, paintings, engravings, and photographs, and further adorned with coats of arms, huge emblematic drinking-horns, grotesque statuettes, and other objects that strike the fancy of the student.

The students of Heidelberg and other German universities are divided into Corps and Unions. The former alone are considered legitimate student organizations, and the Corps men regard the members of the more modern Unions very much as the ancient nobles of Spain regard those who have risen from the common people into their order. There is no communication between the Corps and the Unions. A Corps man would lose his head sooner than recognize a member of a Union, and, what is considered far worse, will neither give him a challenge nor accept one from him.

These club-rooms are rarely the scenes of drunkenness, though more beer is certainly drunk by the students than is good for stomach or brain. Each Corps and Union has its own room, where the members of each assemble nearly every night, about seven o'clock, and spend the evening until eleven in smoking, drinking beer, eating supper, singing, talking, and having a jolly time generally. At these meetings the latest duels are discussed, and new ones arranged. Members of the same society are not allowed to fight each other, but only members of rival Corps. Generally student duels are not the result of personal quarrels. One Corps will send a challenge to another, with the list of champions selected to uphold its honor; and the President of the challenged Corps will select an equal number of his own men to meet them. The best of friends sometimes find themselves crossing swords at the bidding of their President; and in such cases, however severe the contest may be, no bad blood comes of it. There are, of course, more serious duels, which sometimes terminate fatally; but these are very rare. Except in a case of personal quarrel, where a fatal result is sought, the combatants are so protected by wadded armor that nothing but the face is exposed to wounds, and the efforts of each are directed to disfigure his opponent's countenance. A slash from the temple to the lower jaw is not infrequent, and sometimes a poor fellow loses the end of his nose, or gets his mouth widened from ear to ear. Very proud are the students of these wounds, and even in after-life they often refer to them with hearty pride in the boyish chivalry of these contests. It is said that Count Von Bismarck still cherishes with affection the memory of his first duel, and loves to talk over the incident whenever he meets his old antagonist.

During the first two or three years of their university course German students lose much time in their nightly revels and in their duels; but toward the close they make up the deficiency by prodigious application, and rarely fail to pass a creditable examination. The wildest of them, after graduating, settle down into quiet and sedate citizens, whom no one would ever suspect of a reckless youth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Frank," said an affectionate mother the other day to a promising boy, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much you will get so after a while that you won't care any thing about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a very long cigar, "I have got so now."

A gentleman, whose nose had become distinctly colored with the red wine he was wont to imbibe, said one day to his little son at the table: "You must eat bread, my boy; bread makes your cheeks red." The little boy replied: "Father, what lots of bread you must have snuffed up!"

One of the sable orators of old Virginia made a good point when he said, "De oyster got mo' sense dan some folks, 'cause he know when to keep his mouf shet."

Tavern Scene.—"Landlord, come here; I have got a secret that will make your fortune for you." "No! what is it?" "Do you see that roast goose at the head of the table?" "Yes; what of it?" "That is the very one whose cackling saved Rome."

"Jimmy, my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter bring them back." The boy went as directed, and came back, saying, "Father, it takes me to make a trade. They all wanted them at forty cents, but I screwed them down to twenty-five."

A Western coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from exposure. "What do you mean by that?" asked a relative of the dead man. "There were two bullet-holes in his skull." The coroner replied, with a wave of his magisterial hand, "Just so; he died from exposure to bullets."

A little girl in school, being asked what a cataract or waterfall was, replied that it was hair flowing over something, she didn't know what.

A Sunday-school teacher, deploring the lack of attendance on his ministrations, appealed to the few present: "What can I do," said he, "to get the boys and girls here?" "I know," said one of the urchins. "What is it?" "Give 'em all five cents apiece."

A Class opposed to Legislation upon "Abstract Principles."—Pickpockets.

Mrs. H.——, a young mother, was exhibiting with considerable pride to a number of admiring friends her first baby. Finally approaching little Dan, a boy of five years, the happy parent said: "Dan, isn't this a dear little baby?" Dan hesitated a moment, turned up his eyes, and answered: "Yes, but it's bald-headed."

Dearest Muggins, thou hast left us
  For to seek another shore,
And our loving hearts are broken
  At the thought that thou didst go.
Weep not, dearest Mrs. Muggins,
  For the loved one death hath lured,
Rather smile in the conviction
  That his life was well insured.

The man who tore his coat thinks rents are increasing.

There was a refreshing directness in John's solution of this theological problem propounded by his wife: "John, do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" "Yes. Do you think we shall be bigger fools there than here?"

A gentleman who follows the profession of school-teaching on the Western Reserve in Ohio, gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of "The Merchant of Venice" in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head." "Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless it means he carried his papers in his hat!"

"Dey may rail against women as much as dey like," said a darkey lately; "dey can't set me against dem. I hab always in my life found dem to be fust in lub, fust in a quarrel, fust in de dance, fust in de ice-cream saloon, and de fust, best, and de last in de sick-room. What would we do widout dem? Let us be born as young, as ugly, as helpless as we please, and a woman's arm am ready to receive us. She it am that guv us our fust dose ob castor-oil, and puts clothes on our helpless naked limbs, and cubbers up our foots and noses in long flannel petticoats; and it am she, as we grow up, dat fills our dinner-basket wid dough-nuts and apples as we start for school, and licks us when we tear our trowsers."

The gentleman who desired a small watering-place for the hot months has been offered the position of driver of one of our sprinkling-carts.

A High Destiny—Hanging.

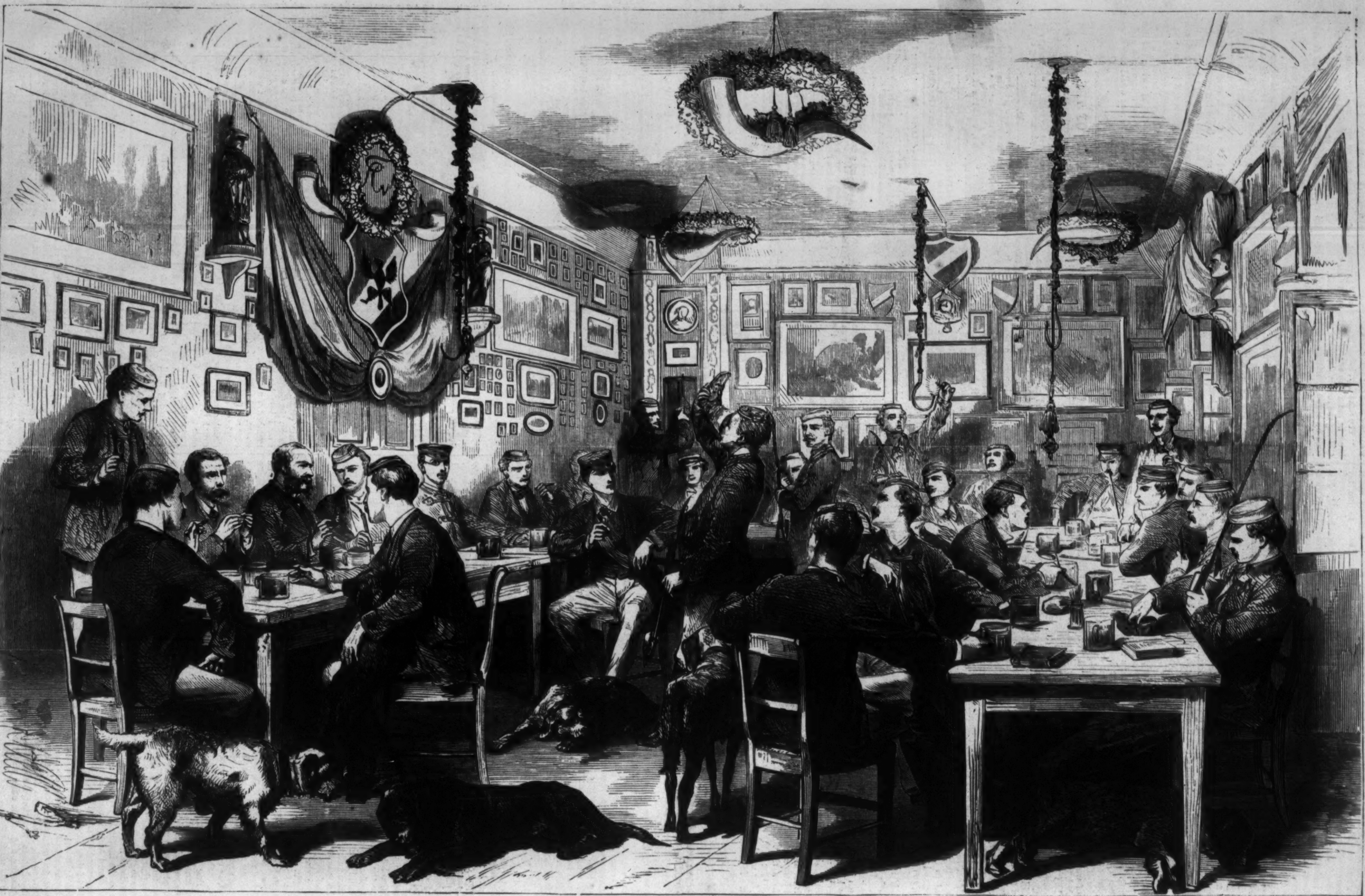
The most exclusive Circle—The Arctic Circle, which no one has succeeded in getting into.

"Drowning men will catch at straws." So will drinking men.

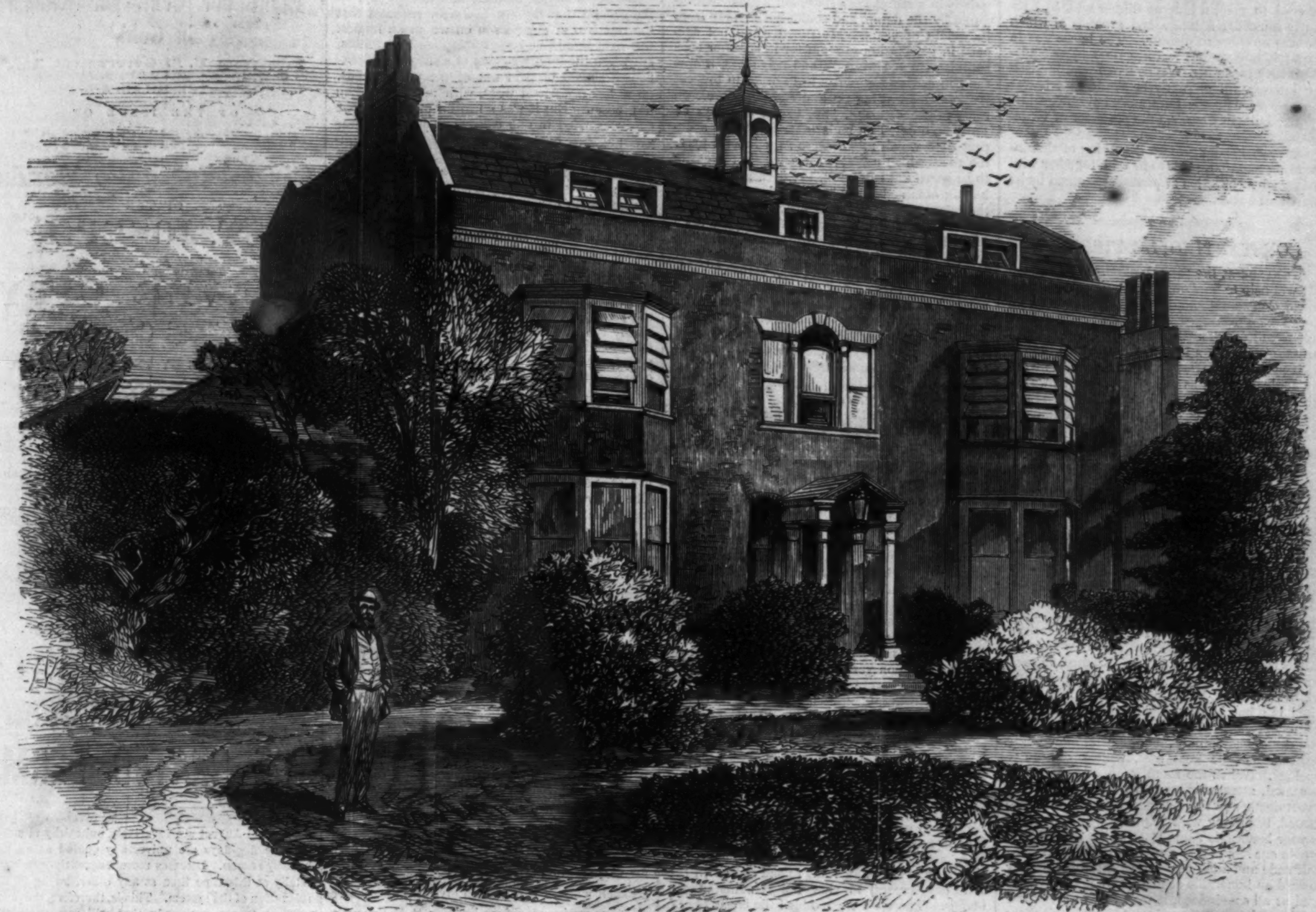
"I feel," moaned a dying cobbler, "that I wax weaker every day, and that I am gradually approaching my end; only a few more stitches and awl will be over. In heaven there is rest for the sole; earth has no sorrow that heaven can not heel." Having said awl he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

"Lenny," said his maiden aunt, "you should eat the barley that is in your soup, or you'll never get a man." Lenny, looking up innocently, inquired: "Is that what you eat it for, aunty?"

A sentimental youth says he prefers hanging on the neck to hanging by the neck, but that both are dangerous.



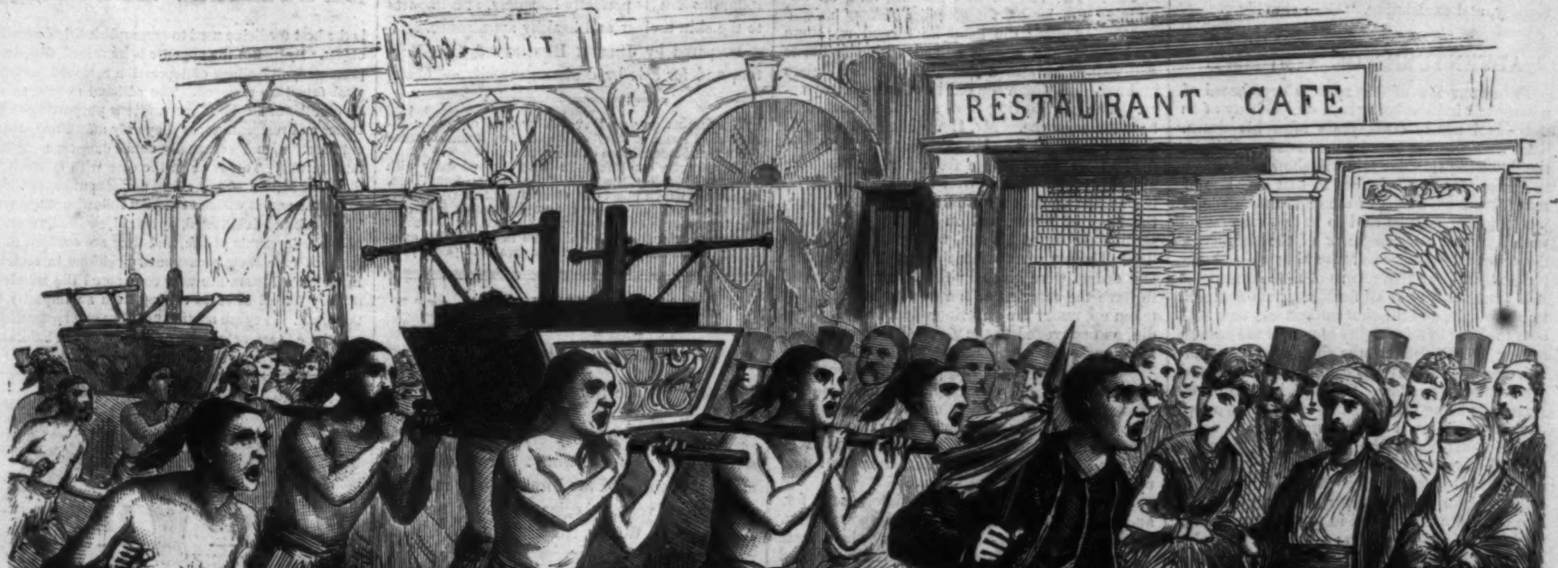
A STUDENTS' CLUB-ROOM AT HEIDELBERG.—[SEE PAGE 459.]



MR. DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GADSHILL.

MR. DICKENS'S HOUSE AT GADSHILL.

Gadshill is doubly illustrious in English literature—first, as the scene of one of Shakspeare's most celebrated pieces of humor, and, secondly, as the residence of the greatest and most universal humorist who has lived since Shakspeare's time. Even as a child Mr. Dickens nourished an ambitious fancy for becoming the owner of the house at Gadshill. His father had told him that if he worked hard and minded his book he might one day live in such a house, and the speech sank deep into the child's heart. Years after, when Mr. Dickens was contemplating a removal from the city to the country, his intimate friend Mr. W. H. Wills



CONSTANTINOPLE FIREMEN.—[See Page 462.]

chanced to meet a lady at dinner who had recently inherited a house and grounds of which she was anxious to dispose. The house was in Kent; it had various features resembling Gadshill, which made Mr. WILLS listen with increasing interest, till presently he found that it was the very place of Mr. DICKENS's boyish dreams. So Mr. DICKENS became the possessor of Gadshill.

On page 461 we give an engraving of this interesting mansion. It is to be sold, together with the valuable collection of pictures gathered by its illustrious owner.

CONSTANTINOPLE FIREMEN.

A GLANCE at the second illustration on page 461 will help to explain the ravages of the recent fire in Constantinople, in which seven thousand houses were destroyed, and above two thousand lives were lost. The fire brigade of the Ottoman capital consists of a horde of half-naked, undisciplined savages, armed with clumsy little hand fire-engines, about as effective as garden watering-pots to check a serious conflagration. Fires are never put out in Constantinople. A building that once takes fire is doomed, as nothing but want of material checks the flames.

VISITING IN CHINA.

A VISIT of ceremony is conducted with great politeness. Your card must be sent on before you by a special herald—a "ting-chai" (the Chinese are well up in the fashion of cards, which they have long practiced)—who should be dispatched in good time to allow of proper preparation by those who are to receive you. Your rank being stated on your card, you are received according to it by the gentleman upon whom you call. He comes out a certain distance, in proportion to your rank; he bows and you bow, while each says "Chin chin," and you are invited in; but at every doorway he pauses and politely proposes you should precede him, which you decline as politely, and at last, after many protestations, he goes first, with some pretty apology. When the room is entered, and each is seated, attendants enter with cups of tea and sweetmeats, and the customary compliments are passed, beginning with "Qua shing?"—"What is your honorable name?" "What is your honorable age?" and fifty questions which to us seem half rude and almost insulting; but this curiosity toward an honorable acquaintance is not considered at all so—indeed, it would be in a Chinese gentleman's eyes very rude not to make all these inquiries. The orthodox half hour having passed, and the business (if any) to be transacted being over, the guest is conducted away toward the door with the same ceremony; and if of superior rank to his host, and he wishes to show him great respect and honor, he sees him to his sedan and waits as he moves away, bowing profoundly, and exclaiming, "Chin chin!"

ADVENTURES OF A MUMMY.

PROBABLY few of our readers ever heard of a coroner's inquest being held on the body of an individual nearly 4000 years after his death. That such was the case in one instance, at least, the following singular tale will show:

Amenophis III. belonged to that long line of magnificent Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty whose power may be said to have been cradled with Aahmes, the conqueror of the shepherds, described in Scripture as "the king which knew not Joseph." In due course of time Amenophis III. went the way of all flesh, and was gathered to his fathers, and the *first* inquest was then held over the body of this mighty king; for the custom among the Egyptians was that, after embalming, a formal inquest was held over the deceased previous to interment. The burial-places of the Egyptians being usually situated on the western bank of the Nile, it became necessary to carry the deceased across the water. And this was deemed of such consequence, in a religious point of view, that when the river did not intervene an artificial lake was made for the purpose. Before the coffin was placed in the *Makhen*, or sacred boat, forty-two judges took their seats beside the water, and all comers were publicly cited to accuse the deceased. His relatives attended on the other side, in order to record his good qualities, when judgment was given *pro* or *con.* If a just impediment was alleged, the body was remitted to the house till the family could disprove the accusation, or discharge the debt. If the verdict was favorable, an attendant touched the mummy with the symbol of approval, and it was conveyed to the tomb in the midst of priests reciting prayers, incense-smoking, and surrounded with all the gorgeous *éclat* of funereal rites.

Years rolled by. The palaces and temples of Thebes fell into ruins, and in the course of ages a stranger from England, in the course of his wanderings, lighted upon the valley containing the royal tombs, and, with that curiosity which is so inherent to the English mind, took upon himself to disturb the ashes of the dead after a peaceful repose of between 3000 and 4000 years. The mummy of this mighty Pharaoh found its second resting-place in the Isle of Jersey; but after a few years the museum came to grief, and the different articles that had been lent to it were returned to their respective owners. The mummy, together with a goodly collection of Egyptian antiquities, was sent back to Mr. Gossett, the father of the gentleman who had brought them from the East; at whose death, a few years later, they were equally divided among his five sons. The mummy fell to the lot of a personal friend of the writer, who was living in England at the time, and who, on returning to Jersey, after an absence of some years, found it lying quietly in a merchant's store, but a good deal injured by the damp, and somewhat mouldy from its weight of years. My friend could not succeed in getting house-room for it, so, after consulting with his kinsfolk and neighbors, it was thought advisable to burn it, in order to prevent the remains turning up and causing trouble on some future occasion. So, in the dog-days of 1856, he ordered an undertaker to provide a decent shell which might serve as a funeral pyre, the cases which contained it being far too costly to be sacrificed as fuel on the occasion. Then, having obtained a suitable supply of fagots for the purpose, he proceeded early one morning to a field of his own, about a mile from the town of St. Helier, and there, with the assistance of a relative, disposed of the mummy of the mighty Pharaoh by reducing it to dust and ashes. Vainly supposing that all was over, and that no more would be ever heard of these royal bones, our arsonic friends quitted the scene of the catastrophe, leaving two of their servants in charge of the pyre, whom they directed not on any account to leave the place until every trace or vestige of human remains had disappeared. But this they neglected to do when their master's back was turned, and hence the trouble which speedily followed.

My friend was obliged to leave early for England the next morning, and what was his astonishment and horror to find every body on board the steamer talking of a double murder which had been committed the day before in the island, the murderers, it was said, having been caught *flagrante delicto* burning the bodies, in order to avoid detection. Here was a pretty kettle of fish to fry. The following account, taken from one of the local journals, will enable our readers to understand the unpleasant predicament in which my friend thus unexpectedly found himself, and all through a laudable anxiety to dispose decently of poor Pharaoh's bones:

"About noon yesterday the remains of two* human bodies were discovered in a spot well suited for concealment, where a stone had been quarried, near the road between Bagot and Bagatelle. The greater portion of the flesh had been consumed by fire from materials collected in the immediate vicinity. The head and teeth of one are perfect, except some injuries which it is supposed must have been produced by severe blows; of the other, the skull is broken into pieces. A brick with some coarse cloth adhering to it was near or among the charred remains."

A later paper reports that "a jury, called by the Deputy Viscount, went to the spot with the Attorney-General to view the remains of the bodies. There were assembled the constable of St. Saviour and a number of other members of the police. Smoke was yet visible issuing from the charred heap of bones and matter, supposed to be the remains of two women who rumor said had been murdered in this secluded spot. A skull, whitened from the effects of the fire, was clearly visible, and also several portions of a second. Dr. Vaudin was present, and, on examining the bones, found them *full of animal matter.* Among the heap he turned up some fowl bones, and a goat's head with the horns still visible, as also a quantity of broken glass and nails, all which tended to add to the mystery. The jury, having been sworn, proceeded to hear the evidence. Mr. Henri Malzard was the first witness called. He said that he rented the field called La Hurette from Mr. A. Gossett; and that when walking over his farm, and arriving at this secluded spot, he perceived the fire, the heap of bones, and on the top the human skull. He called his son, who went for the police. The son corroborated the father's evidence, and orders were given by the Attorney-General to have the remains of the two bodies carefully taken up, under the superintendence of Dr. Vaudin, and conveyed to the General Hospital, there to be analyzed.

"The jury was on the point of adjourning, when a young lad came up, and, on inquiring what was going on, said that these bones were the remains of mummies, which Mr. Gossett had burned in the morning. We can not describe the effect which this startling announcement had upon the jury.

"Mr. P. Gossett was immediately sent for, and, on his arrival, explained that about 7 A.M. he and five friends had burned a whole male Egyptian mummy, part of a female mummy, and a quantity of other human bones, which were contained in a case. Not knowing what to do with this lumber, and not wishing to bury it, he had resolved to burn it, intending to return in the evening to bury the ashes. After this explanation, the jury returned the following verdict:

"'That the remains are those of an Egyptian mummy, and other human remains, the property of Alfred Gossett, gentleman, and that they were burned in the corner of a field belonging to the said Alfred Gossett, on Thursday morning, by order and in the presence of Philip Gossett.'

"These mummies had been, we understand, for a considerable time in the possession of Mr. Gossett's family. Hundreds of people flocked in the evening to the scene of the supposed horrible tragedy; and, at first, all the circumstances wore such a mysterious aspect that an unfortunate individual was actually temporarily arrested, having been seen in the neighborhood of the supposed crime. Of course, as soon as the mystery was cleared up, the poor fellow was set at liberty."

Such was the way in which the inhabitants of Jersey interpreted my friend's attempt to provide a funeral pyre for these royal remains. But all was not yet over, as he found to his cost. For after the inquest a bill of the expenses was sent in, which a lawyer advised him not to pay, on the ground that the law in Jersey required that the relatives of the person on whom an inquest was held should be responsible for the expenses, but when the body was that of a stranger the expenses should be paid out of the public funds. So to law my friend went, with more zeal than discretion. But it was all to no purpose. The case was tried in one court, and judgment was given against him; he vainly appealed to a higher court, where he was cast again, with many pounds out of pocket into the bargain; and so, before all was over, he was severely punished for his treatment of poor Pharaoh's bones.

As a finale to the adventures of this royal mummy, the cases which contained it, and which were of great splendor and considerable value, were accidentally destroyed by a fire in 1865. It was my friend's intention to have presented them to the Exeter Museum, which was rich in the possession of another mummy and case of nearly the same age, and he was about to take steps for that purpose, when the warehouse where they had been for some years accidentally caught fire, and the cases disappeared in the flames.

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* Among the curiosities burned on the occasion there was a *second* skull, together with some bones of the sacred ibis, which were commonly placed by the Egyptians in the coffins of the dead.

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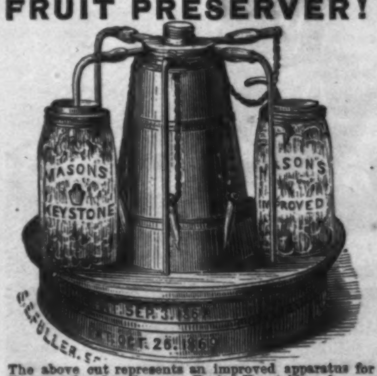

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